

THE
WORKS
OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XIX.

ROMANCES VOL. X.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1822.

(10)



THE

W O R K S

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

Vol. IV.

ROMAN HISTORY

ST. MARTIN'S

1844



# THE ANTIQUARY.

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF „WAVERLEY“ AND „GUY  
MANNERING.“

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*I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,  
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;  
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,  
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;  
As — book of fables graced with print of wood,  
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,  
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,  
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.*

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ZWICKAU,  
PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUHMAN.

1822.



THE  
LAWYER

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF "HAYSTACK" AND "CITY"  
MANCHESTER.

I have written. It is not a story and not a  
novel, and certainly not a romance of this  
kind. It is a story of a man's life, and  
of the things that have happened to him  
and his family, and of the things that  
have happened to the world. It is a story  
of a man's life, and of the things that  
have happened to him and his family, and  
of the things that have happened to the  
world.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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NEW YORK

PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1852.



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CHAPTER XIII.

*— The time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love.
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure —
But do not look for further recompence.
As you like it.*

Miss Isabella Wardour's complexion was considerably heightened, when, after the delay necessary to arrange her ideas, she presented herself in the drawing-room.

"I am glad you are come, my fair foe," said the Antiquary, greeting her with much kindness, "for I have had a most refractory, or at least negligent, auditor, in my young friend here, while I endeavoured to make him acquainted with the history of Knockwinnock castle. I think the danger of last night has mazed the poor lad. But you, Miss Isabel,

why, you look as if flying through the night air had been your natural and most congenial occupation. Your colour is even better than when you honoured my *hospitium* yesterday — And Sir Arthur — how fares my good old friend?"

"Indifferently well, Mr Oldbuck; but, I am afraid, not quite able to receive your congratulations, or to pay — to pay — Mr Lovel his thanks for his unparalleled exertions."

"I dare say not — A good down pillow for his good white head were more meet than a couch so churlish at Bessie's Apron, plague on her!"

"I had no thought of intruding," said Lovel, looking upon the ground, and speaking with hesitation and suppressed emotion; "I did not — did not mean to intrude upon Sir Arthur or Miss Wardour the presence of one who — who must necessarily be unwelcome — as associated, I mean, with painful reflections."

"Do not think my father so unjust and ungrateful," said Miss Wardour. "I dare say," she continued, participating in Lovel's embarrassment — "I dare say — I am certain — that my father would be happy to shew his gratitude — in any way — that is, which Mr Lovel could consider it as proper to point out."

“Why, the deuce,” interrupted Oldbuck, “what sort of a qualification is that? — On my word, it reminds me of our minister, who chusing, like a formal old fop as he is, to drink to my sister’s inclinations, thought it necessary to add the saving clause, Provided, madam, they be virtuous. Come, let us have no more of this nonsense — I dare say Sir Arthur will bid us welcome upon some future day. And what news from the kingdom of subterranean darkness and airy hope? — what says the swart spirit of the mine? — has Sir Arthur had any good intelligence of his adventure lately in Glen-Withershins?”

Miss Wardour shook her head — “But indifferent, I fear, Mr Oldbuck; but there lie some specimens which have lately been sent down.”

“Ah! my poor dear hundred pound, which Sir Arthur persuaded me to give for a share in that hopeful scheme, would have bought a porter’s load of mineralogy — but let me see them.”

And so saying, he sat down at the table in the recess on which the mineral productions were lying, and proceeded to examine them, grumbling and pshawing at each, which he took up and laid aside.

In the mean time, Lovel, forced as it were by this secession of Oldbuck, into a sort of tête-à-tête with Miss Wardour, took an opportunity of addressing her in a low and interrupted tone of voice. «I trust Miss Wardour will impute, to circumstances almost irresistible, this intrusion of a person who has reason to think himself — so unacceptable a visitor.”

«Mr Lovel,” answered Miss Wardour, observing the same tone of caution, «I trust you will not — I am sure you are incapable of abusing the advantages given to you by the services you have rendered us, which, as they affect my father, can never be sufficiently acknowledged or repaid. — Could Mr Lovel see me without his own peace being affected — could he see me as a friend — as a sister — no man will be — and, from all I have ever heard of Mr Lovel, ought to be more welcome; but” —

Oldbuck’s anathema against the preposition *but* was internally echoed by Lovel — «Forgive me if I interrupt you, Miss Wardour — you need not fear my intruding upon a subject where I have been already severely repressed — but do not add to the severity of repelling my sentiments the rigour of compelling me to disavow them.”

“I am much embarrassed, Mr Lovel, by your — I would not willingly use a strong word — your romantic and hopeless pertinacity — it is for yourself I plead, that you would consider the calls which your country has upon your talents, that you will not waste, in an idle and fanciful indulgence of an ill-placed predilection, time, which, well redeemed by active exertion, should lay the foundation of future distinction — let me intreat that you would form a manly resolution” —

“It is enough, Miss Wardour; I see plainly that” —

“Mr Lovel, you are hurt — and, believe me, I sympathize in the pain which I inflict — but can I, in justice to myself, in fairness to you, do otherwise? — Without my father’s consent, I never will entertain an application from any one, and how totally impossible it is that he could countenance the partiality with which you honour me, you are yourself fully aware — and indeed” —

“No, Miss Wardour; do not go further — is it not enough to crush every hope in our present relative situation? — do not carry your resolutions farther — why urge what would be your conduct if Sir Arthur’s objections could be removed?”

“It is indeed vain, Mr Lovel, because their

removal is impossible; and I only wish, as your friend, and as one who is obliged to you for her own and her father's life, to intreat you to suppress this unfortunate attachment — to leave a country which affords no scope for your talents, and to resume the honourable line of the profession which you seem to have abandoned."

"Well, Miss Wardour, your wishes shall be obeyed — have patience with me one little month, and if, in the course of that space, I cannot shew you such reasons for continuing my residence at Fairport, as even you shall approve of, I will bid adieu to its vicinity, and, with the same breath, to all my hopes of happiness."

"Not so, Mr Lovel; many years of deserved happiness, founded on a more rational basis than your present wishes, are, I trust, before you — but it is full time to finish this conversation. — I cannot force you to adopt my advice — I cannot shut the door of my father's house against the preserver of his life and mine — but the sooner Mr Lovel can teach his mind to submit to the inevitable disappointment of wishes which have been so rashly formed, the more highly he will rise in my esteem — and, in the meanwhile, for his sake as well as mine, he must excuse my putting

an interdict upon conversation on a subject so painful."

A servant at this moment announced, that Sir Arthur desired to speak with Mr Oldbuck in his dressing-room.

"Let me shew you the way," said Miss Wardour, who apparently dreaded a continuation of her tête-à-tête with Lovel, and she conducted the Antiquary accordingly to her father's apartment.

Sir Arthur, his legs swathed in flannel, was stretched on the couch. "Welcome, Mr Oldbuck," he said; "I trust you have come better off than I have done from the inclemency of yesterday evening?"

"Truly, Sir Arthur, I was not so much exposed to it — I kept *terra firma* — you fairly committed yourself to the cold night-air in the most literal of all senses. But such adventures become a gallant knight better than a humble esquire — To rise on the wings of the night-wind — to dive into the bowels of the earth — What news from our subterranean Good Hope? the *terra incognita* of Glen-Withershins?"

"Nothing good as yet," said the baronet, turning himself hastily as if stung by a pang of the gout; but Dousterswivel does not despair."

"Does he not?" quoth Oldbuck, "I do, though, under his favour — Why, old Dr

H — n told me, when I was in Edinburgh, that we would never find copper enough, judging from the specimens I shewed him, to make a pair of sixpenny knee buckles — and I cannot see that those samples on the table below differ much in quality.”

“The learned doctor is not infallible, I presume?”

“No; but he is one of our first chemists; and this tramping philosopher of yours — this Dousterwivel, is, I have a notion, one of those learned adventurers described by Kircher, *Artem habent sine arte, partem sine parte, quorum medium est mentiri, vita eorum mendicatum ire*; that is to say, Miss Wardour” —

“It is unnecessary to translate,” said Miss Wardour; “I comprehend your general meaning — but I hope Mr Dousterswivel will turn out a more trust-worthy character.”

“I doubt it not a little,” said the Antiquary, “and we are a foul way out if we cannot discover this infernal vein that he has prophesied about these two years.”

“You have no great interest in the matter, Mr Oldbuck,” said the baronet.

“Too much, too much, Sir Arthur — and yet, for the sake of my fair foe here, I would consent to lose it all so you had no more on the venture.”

There was a painful silence of a few moments, for Sir Arthur was too proud to acknowledge the downfall of his golden dreams, though he could no longer disguise to himself that such was likely to be the termination of the adventure. "I understand," he at length said, "that the young gentleman, to whose gallantry and presence of mind we were so much indebted last night, has favoured me with a visit — I am distressed that I am unable to see him, or indeed any one, but an old friend like you, Mr Oldbuck."

A declination of the Antiquary's stiff backbone acknowledged the preference.

"You made acquaintance with this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I suppose?"

Oldbuck told the circumstances of their becoming known to each other.

"Why, then my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr Lovel than you are."

"Indeed! I was not aware of that."

"I met Mr Lovel," said Isabella, slightly colouring, "when I resided this last spring with my aunt, Mrs Wilmot."

"In Yorkshire? — and what character did he bear then, or how was he engaged?" said Oldbuck, — "and why did not you recognise him when I introduced you?"

Isabella answered the least difficult question,

and passed over the other. He had a commission in the army, and had, I believe, served with reputation; he was much respected, as an amiable and promising young man."

"And pray, such being the case, why did you not speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house? — I thought you had less of the paltry pride of womankind about you, Miss Wardour."

"There was a reason for it," said Sir Arthur with dignity; "you know the opinions — prejudices, perhaps, you will call them — of our house concerning purity of birth; this young gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune; my daughter did not chuse to renew their acquaintance till she should know whether I approved of her holding any intercourse with him."

"If it had been with his mother instead of himself, I could see an excellent reason for it. Ah, poor lad! that was the cause then that he seemed so absent and confused while I explained to him the reason of the bend of bastardy upon the shield yonder under the corner turret!"

"True," said the baronet with complacency, "it is the shield of Malcolm the Usurper, as he is called. The tower which he built is termed, after him, Malcolm's Tower, but more frequently Misticot's Tower, which I conceive

to be a corruption for *Misbegot*. He is denominated, in the Latin pedigree of our family, *Milcolumbus Nothus*, and his temporary seizure of our property, and most unjust attempt to establish his own illegitimate line in the estate of Knockwinnock, gave rise to such family feuds and misfortunes, as strongly to found us in that horror and antipathy to defiled blood and illegitimacy, which has been handed down to me from my respected ancestry."

"I know the story," said Oldbuck, "and I was telling it to Lovel this moment, with some of the wise maxims and consequences which it has engrafted on your family politics. Poor fellow! he must have been much hurt; I took the wavering of his attention for negligence, and was something piqued at it, and it proves to be only an excess of feeling. I hope, Sir Arthur, you will not think less of your life, because it has been preserved by such assistance?"

"Nor the less of my assistant either," said the baronet; "my doors and table shall be equally open to him as if he had descended of the most unblemished lineage."

"Come, I am glad of that — he'll know where he can get a dinner then if he wants one. But what views can he have in this neighbourhood? — I must catechise him; and if I find he wants it — or, indeed, whether he

does or not — he shall have my best advice." As the Antiquary made this liberal promise, he took his leave of Miss Wardour and her father, eager to commence operations upon Mr Lovel. He informed him abruptly that Miss Wardour sent her compliments, and remained in attendance on her father, and then taking him by the arm, he led him out of the castle.

Knockwinnock still preserved much of the external attributes of a baronial castle. It had its draw-bridge, though now never drawn up, and its dry moat, the sides of which had been planted with shrubs, chiefly of the evergreen tribes. Above these rose the old building, partly from a foundation of red rock scarped down to the seabeach, and partly from the steep green verge of the moat. The trees of the avenue have been already mentioned, and many others rose around of large size, as if to confute the prejudice, that timber cannot be raised near to the ocean. Our walkers paused, and looked back upon the castle, as they attained the height of a small knoll, over which lay their homeward road, for it is to be supposed they did not tempt the risk of the tide by returning along the sands. The building flung its broad shadow upon the tufted foliage of the shrubs beneath it, while the front win-

dows sparkled in the sun. They were viewed by the gazers with very different feelings. Lovel, with the fond eagerness of that passion which derives its food and nourishment from trifles, as the cameleon is said to live upon the air, or upon the invisible insects which it contains, endeavoured to conjecture which of the numerous windows belonged to the apartment now graced by Miss Wardour's presence. The speculations of the Antiquary were of a more melancholy cast, and were partly indicated by the ejaculation of *cito peritura!* as he turned away from the prospect. Lovel, roused from his reverie, looked at him as if to enquire the meaning of an exclamation so ominous. The old man shook his head. "Yes, my young friend," said he, "I doubt greatly — and it wrings my heart to say it — this ancient family is going fast to the ground!"

"Indeed!" answered Lovel — "You surprise me greatly" —

"We harden ourselves in vain," continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling — "We harden ourselves in vain to treat with the indifference they deserve the changes of this trumpery whirligig world — We strive ineffectually to be the self-sufficing invulnerable being, the *teres atque rotundus* of the poet — the stoical exemption which philo.

sophy affects to give us over the pains and vexations of human life, is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietis and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts."

"And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise!" said Lovel warmly — "Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to sear and indurate our feelings, that nothing should agitate them but what arose instantly and immediately out of our own selfish interests! — I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the stoicism which should render my heart like a piece of the nether mill-stone."

The Antiquary looked at his youthful companion with a look half of pity, half of sympathy, and shrugged his shoulders as he replied, "Wait, young man, — wait till your bark has been battered by the storm of sixty years of mortal vicissitude — you will learn by that time to reef your sails, that she may obey the helm — or, in the language of this world, you will find distresses enough, endured and to endure, to keep your feelings and sympathies in full exercise, without concerning yourself more in the fate of others than you cannot possibly avoid."

"Well, Mr Oldbuck, it may be so; but as

yet I resemble you more in your practice than in your theory, for I cannot help being deeply interested in the fate of the family we have just left."

"And well you may," replied Oldbuck; "Sir Arthur's embarrassments have of late become so many and so pressing, that I am surprised you have not heard of them — And then his absurd and expensive operations carried on by this High-German landlouser Dousterswivel" —

"I think I have seen that person, when, by some rare chance, I happened to be in the coffee-room at Fairport — a tall, beetle-browed, awkward-built man, who entered upon scientific subjects, as it appeared to my ignorance at least, with more assurance than knowledge, was very arbitrary in laying down and asserting his opinions, and mixed the terms of science with a strange jargon of mysticism; a simple youth whispered me that he was an *Illuminé*, and carried on an intercourse with the invisible world."

"O the same — the same — he has enough of practical knowledge to speak scholarly and wisely to those of whose intelligence he stands in awe; and, to say the truth, this faculty, joined to his matchless impudence, imposed upon me for some time when I first knew him. But I have since understood, that when he is

among fools and womankind, he exhibits himself as a perfect charlatan — talks of the *magisterium* — of sympathies and antipathies — of the cabala — of the divining rod — and all the trumpery with which the Rosycrucians cheated a darker age, and which, to our eternal disgrace, has in some degree revived in our own. My friend Heavysterne knew this fellow abroad, and unintentionally (for he, you must know, is, God bless the mark, a sort of believer) let me into a good deal of his real character. Ah! were I caliph for a day, as honest Abon Hassan wished to be, I would scourge me these jugglers out of the commonwealth with rods of scorpions — They debauch the spirit of the ignorant and credulous with mystical trash as effectually as if they had besotted their brains with gin, and then pick their pockets with the same facility. And now has this strolling blackguard and mountebank put the finishing blow to the ruin of an ancient and honourable family!"

"But how could he impose upon Sir Arthur to any ruinous extent?"

"Why, I don't know — Sir Arthur is a good honourable man — but, as you may see from his loose ideas concerning the Pikish language, he is by no means very strong in the understanding. His estate is strictly entailed,

and he has been always an embarrassed man. This rapparee promised mountains of wealth, and an English company was found to advance large sums of money — I fear on Sir Arthur's guarantee. Some gentlemen — I was ass enough to be one — took small shares in the concern, and Sir Arthur himself made great outlay; we were trained on by specious appearances, and more specious lies, and now, like John Bunyan, we awake, and behold it is a dream."

"I am surprised that you, Mr Oldbuck, should have encouraged Sir Arthur by your example."

"Why," said Oldbuck, dropping his large grizzled eye-brows, "I am something surprised and ashamed at it myself; it was not the lucre of gain — nobody cares less for money (to be a prudent man) than I do — but I thought I might risk this small sum. It will be expected (though I am sure I cannot see why) that I should give something to any one who will be kind enough to rid me of that slip of woman-kind, my niece, Mary M'Intyre; and perhaps it may be thought I should do something to get that jackanapes, her brother, on in the army. In either case, to treble my venture would have helped me out. And, besides, I had some idea that the Phœnicians had in former times wrought copper in that very spot.

That cunning scoundrel, Dosterwivel, found out my blunt side, and brought strange tales (d — n him) of appearances of old shafts, and vestiges of mining operations, conducted in a manner quite different from those of modern times; and I — in short, I was a fool, and there is an end. My loss is not much worth speaking about; but Sir Arthur's engagements are, I understand, very deep, and my heart aches for him, and the poor young lady who must share his distress."

Here the conversation paused, until renewed in the next chapter.


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## CHAPTER XIV.

*If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,  
And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.*

*Romeo and Juliet.*

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THE account of Sir Arthur's unhappy adventure had led Oldbuck somewhat aside from his purpose of catechising Lovel concerning the cause of his residence at Fairport. He was now, however, resolved to open the subject. Miss Wardour was formerly known to you, she tells me, Mr Lovel?"

"He had had the pleasure," Lovel answered, "to see her at Mrs Wilmot's in Yorkshire."

"Indeed! you never mentioned that to me before, and you did not accost her as an old acquaintance."



“I — I did not know it was the same lady till we met, and then it was my duty to wait till she recognised me.”

“I am aware of your delicacy; the knight's a punctilious old fool, but I promise you his daughter is above all nonsensical ceremony and prejudice. And now, since you have found a new set of friends here, may I ask if you intend to leave Fairport as soon as you proposed?”

“What if I should answer your question by another,” replied Lovel, “and ask you what is your opinion of dreams?”

“Of dreams, you foolish lad! — why, what should I think of them but as the deceptions of imagination when reason drops the reins? — I know no difference betwixt them and the hallucinations of madness — the unguided horses run away with the carriage in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the other he slumbers. What says our Marcus Tullius — *Si insanorum visis, fides non est habenda, cur credatur somnientium visis, quæ multo etiam perturbatiora sunt, non intelligo.*”

“Yes, sir, but Cicero also tells us, that as he who passes the whole day in darting the javelin must sometimes hit the mark, so, amid the cloud of nightly dreams, some may occur consonant to future events.”

“Aye — that is to say, you have hit the mark



in your own sage opinion? Lord! Lord! how this world is given to folly! Well, I will allow for once the Oneirocritical science — I will give faith to the exposition of dreams, and say a Daniel hath arisen to interpret them, if you can prove to me that that dream of yours has pointed out to a prudent line of conduct.”

“Tell me then,” answered Lovel, “why, when I was hesitating whether to abandon an enterprise, which I have perhaps rashly undertaken, I should last night dream I saw your ancestor pointing to a motto which encouraged me to perseverance? — Why should I have thought of those words which I cannot remember to have heard before, which are in a language unknown to me, and which yet conveyed, when translated, a lesson which I could so plainly apply to my own circumstances?”

The Antiquary burst into a fit of laughing. “Excuse me, my young friend, but it is thus we silly mortals deceive ourselves, and look out of doors for motives which originate in our own wilful will. I think I can help out the cause of your vision. You were so abstracted in your contemplations yesterday after dinner, as to pay little attention to the discourse between Sir Arthur and me, until we fell upon the controversy concerning the Piks, which terminated so abruptly; but I remember producing



to Sir Arthur a book printed by my ancestor, and making him observe the motto; your mind was bent elsewhere, but your ear had mechanically received and retained the sounds, and your busy fancy, stirred by Grizel's legend, I presume, had introduced this scrap of German into your dream. As for the waking wisdom which seized on so frivolous a circumstance as an apology for persevering in some course which it could find no better reason to justify, it is exactly one of those juggling tricks which the sagest of us play off now and then, to gratify our inclination at the expence of our understanding."

"I own it," said Lovel, blushing deeply — "I believe you are right, Mr Oldbuck, and I ought to sink in your esteem for attaching a moment's consequence to such a frivolity; but I was tossed by contradictory wishes and resolutions, and you know how slight a line will tow a boat when afloat on the billows, though a cable would hardly move her when pulled up on the beach."

"Right, right — fall in my opinion? — not a whit — I love thee the better, man — why, we have story for story against each other, and I can think with less shame on having exposed myself about that cursed Prætorium — though I am still convinced Agricola's camp must have



been somewhere in this neighbourhood. — And now, Lovel, my good lad, be sincere with me — What make you from Wittenberg? — Why have you left your own country and professional pursuits, for an idle residence in such a place as Fairport? — A truant disposition, I fear.”

“Even so — yet I am so detached from all the world, have so few in whom I am interested, or who are interested in me, that my very state of destitution gives me independence. He, whose good or evil fortune affects himself alone, has the best right to pursue it, according to his own fancy.”

“Pardon me, young man,” said Oldbuck, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, and making a full halt — “*sufamina* — a little patience if you please — I will suppose that you have no friends to share, or rejoice, in your success in life, that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection — but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty — for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourself and others.”

“But I am unconscious of possessing such powers,” said Lovel, somewhat impatiently; “I



ask nothing of society but the permission of walking innoxiously through the path of life without jostling others, or permitting myself to be jostled — I owe no man any thing — I have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence, and so moderate are my wishes in this respect, that even these means, however limited, rather exceed than fall short of them."

"Nay, then," said Oldbuck, removing his hand, and turning again to the road; "if you are so true a philosopher as to think you have money enough, there's no more to be said — I cannot pretend to be entitled to advise you — you have attained the *acmé* — the summit of perfection. And how came Fairport to be the selected abode of so much self-denying philosophy? — it is as if a worshipper of the true religion had set up his staff by choice among the multifarious idolaters of the land of Egypt. There is not a man in Fairport who is not a devoted worshipper of the Golden Calf — the Mammon of unrighteousness — why, even I, man, am so infected by the bad neighbourhood, that I feel inclined occasionally to become an idolater myself."

"My principal amusements being literary," answered Lovel, "and circumstances which I cannot mention having induced me, for a time



at least, to relinquish the military service, I have pitched on Fairport as a place where I might follow my pursuits without any of those temptations to society, which a more elegant circle might have presented to me."

"Aha! — I begin to understand your application of my ancestor's motto — you are a candidate for public favour, though not in the way I first suspected, — you are ambitious to shine as a literary character, and you hope to merit favour by labour and perseverance."

Lovel, who was rather closely pressed by the inquisitiveness of the old gentleman, concluded it would be best to let him remain in the error which he had gratuitously adopted.

"I have been at times foolish enough," he replied, "to nourish some thoughts of the kind."

"Ah, poor fellow! nothing can be more melancholy; unless, as young men sometimes do, you had fancied yourself in love with some trumpery specimen of womankind, which is, indeed, as Shakspeare truly says, pressing to death, whipping and hanging, all at once."

He then proceeded with enquiries, which he was sometimes kind enough to answer himself. For this good old gentleman had, from his antiquarian researches, acquired a delight in building theories out of premises which were often far from affording sufficient ground for them;



and being, as the reader must have remarked, sufficiently opinionative, he did not readily brook being corrected, either in matter of fact or opinion, even by those who were principally interested in the subjects on which he speculated. He went on, therefore, chalking out Lovel's literary career for him.

«And with what do you propose to commence your debut as a man of letters? — but I guess — poetry — poetry — the soft seducer of youth. Yes! there is an acknowledging modesty of confusion in your eye and manners: — And where lies your vein? — Are you inclined to soar to the higher regions of Parnassus, or to flutter around the base of the hill?»

«I have hitherto attempted only a few lyrical pieces.»

«Just as I supposed — pruning your wing, and hopping from spray to spray. But I trust you intend a bolder flight — Observe, I would by no means recommend your persevering in this unprofitable pursuit — but you say you are quite independent of the public caprice?»

«Entirely so,» replied Lovel. 

«And that you are determined not to adopt a more active course of life?»

«For the present, such is my resolution,» replied the young man.

«Why, then, it only remains for me to give



you my best advice and assistance in the object of your pursuit. I have myself published two essays in the *Antiquarian Repository* — and therefore am an author of experience. There was my *Remarks on Hearne's edition of Robert of Gloucester*, signed *Scrutator*; and the other signed *Indagator*, upon a passage in Tacitus — I might add, what attracted considerable notice at the time, and that is my paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, upon the inscription of Oelia Lelia, which I subscribed Oedipus — So you see I am not an apprentice in the mysteries of author-craft, and must necessarily understand the taste and temper of the times. — And now once more, what do you intend to commence with?"

"I have no instant thoughts of publishing."

"Ah! that will never do, you must have the fear of the public before your eyes in all your undertakings. Let us see now — A collection of fugitive pieces — but no — your fugitive poetry is apt to become stationary with the bookseller. — It should be something at once solid and attractive — none of your romances or anomalous novelties — I would have you take high ground at once — Let me see — what think you of a real epic? — the grand old-fashioned historical poem which moved through twelve or twenty-four books — we'll have it so — I'll supply you



with a subject — The battle between the Caledonians and Romans — The Caledoniad; or, Invasion Repelled — Let that be the title — It will suit the present taste, and you may throw in a touch of the times.”

“But the invasion of Agricola was *not* repelled.”

“No; but you are a poet — free of the corporation, and as little bound down to truth or probability as Virgil himself — You may defeat the Romans in spite of Tacitus.”

“And pitch Agricola’s camp at the Kaim of — what do you call it, in defiance of Edie Ochiltree?”

“No more of that an thou lovest me — And yet, I dare say, ye may unwittingly speak most correct truth in both instances, in despite of the *toga* of the historian, and the blue gown of the mendicant.”

“Gallantly counselled — Well, I will do my best — your kindness will assist me with local information.”

“Will I not, man? — why, I will write the critical and historical notes on each canto, and draw out the plan of the story myself. I pretend to some poetical genius, Mr Lovel, only I was never able to write verses.”

“It is a pity, sir, that you should have failed in a qualification somewhat essential to the art.”



“Essential? — not a whit — it is the mere mechanical department — A man may be a poet without measuring spondees and dactyls like the ancients, or clashing the ends of lines into rhyme like the moderns, as one may be an architect though unable to labour like a stone-mason — Dost think Palladio or Vitruvius ever carried a hod?”

“In that case, there should be two authors to each poem; one to think and plan, another to execute.”

“Why, it would not be amiss; at any rate, we’ll make the experiment — not that I would wish to give my name to the public — assistance from a learned friend might be acknowledged in the preface after what flourish your nature will — I am a total stranger to authorial vanity”

Lovel was much entertained by a disclamation not very consistent with the eagerness wherewith his friend seemed to catch at an opportunity of coming before the public, though in a manner which rather resembled stepping up behind a carriage than getting into one. The Antiquary was, indeed, uncommonly delighted; for, like many other men who spend their lives in obscure literary research, he had a secret ambition to appear in print, which was checked by cold fits of diffidence, fear of criticism, and



habits of indolence and procrastination. "But," thought he, "I may, like a second Teucer, discharge my shafts from behind the shield of my ally; and admit that he should not prove to be a first-rate poet, I am in no shape answerable for his deficiencies, and the good notes may very probably help off an indifferent text. — But he is — he must be a good poet — he has the real Parnassian abstraction — seldom answers a question till it is twice repeated — drinks his tea scalding, and eats without knowing what he is putting into his mouth. This is the real *æstus*, the *awen* of the Welch bards, the *divinus afflatus* that transports the poet beyond the limits of sublunary things — His versions, too, are very symptomatical of poetic fury — I must recollect to send Caxon to see he puts out his candle to-night — poets and visionaries are apt to be negligent in that respect" — Then, turning to his companion, he expressed himself aloud in continuation.

"Yes, my dear Lovel, you shall have full notes; and, indeed, I think we may introduce the whole of the Essay on Castrametation into the appendix — it will give great value to the work. Then we will revive the good old forms so disgracefully neglected in modern times. — You shall invoke the Muse — and certainly she ought to be propitious to an author, who, in



an apostatizing age, adheres with the faith of Abdiel to the ancient form of adoration — Then we must have a vision — in which the Genius of Caledonia shall appear to Galgacus, and shew him a procession of the real Scottish monarchs — and in the notes I will have a hit at Boethius — no; I must not touch that topic, now that Sir Arthur is like to have vexation enough besides — but I'll annihilate Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb."

"But we must consider the expence of publication," said Lovel, willing to try whether this hint would fall like cold water on the blazing zeal of his self-elected coadjutor.

"Expence!" said Mr Oldbuck, pausing, and mechanically fumbling in his pocket — "that is true — I would wish to do something — But you would not like to publish by subscription?"

"By no means," answered Lovel.

"No, no!" gladly acquiesced the Antiquary. "It is not respectable. — I'll tell you what; I believe I know a bookseller who has a value for my opinion, and will risk print and paper, and I will get as many copies sold for you as I can."

"O, I am no mercenary author; I only wish to be out of risk of loss."

"Hush! hush! — we'll take care of that — throw it all on the publishers. I do long to



see your labours commenced. You will chuse blank verse, doubtless? — it is more grand and magnificent for a historical subject; and, what concerneth you, my friend, it is, I have an idea, more easily written.”

This conversation brought them to Monkbarns, where the Antiquary had to undergo a chiding from his sister, who, though no philosopher, was waiting to deliver a lecture to him in the portico. “Guide us, Monkbarns, are things no dear aneugh already, but ye maun be raising the very fish on us, by giving that randy, Luckie Mucklebackit, just what she likes to ask?”

“Why, Grizel, I thought I made a very fair bargain.”

“A fair bargain! when ye gied the limmer a full half o’ what she seekit! — An ye will be a wise-carle, and buy fish at your ain hands, ye suld never bid mickle mair than a quarter. And the impudent quean had the assurance to come up and seek a dram — But I trow, Jenny and I sorted her!”

“Truly,” said Oldbuck (with a sly look) to his companion, “I think our estate was gracious that kept us out of hearing of that controversy. — Well, well, Grizel, I was wrang for ance in my life — *ultra crepidam* — I fairly admit. But hang expences — care killed a cat — we’ll eat the fish, cost what it will. And then, Lo-



vel, you must know I pressed you to stay here to-day, the rather because our cheer will be better than usual, yesterday having been a gaudé-day — I love the reversion of a feast better than the feast itself. I delight in the *analecta*, the *collectanea*, as I may call them, of the preceding day's dinner, which appear on such occasions — And see, there is Jenny going to ring the dinner-bell."

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## CHAPTER XV.

*“Be this letter delivered with haste — haste —  
post · haste ! —  
Ride , villain , ride — for thy life — for thy  
life — for thy life !”*

*Ancient Indorsation of Letters of Importance.*

LEAVING Mr Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlour of the postmaster's house at Fairport, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, in order, from the outside of the epistles, and, if they are not



belied, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gleaning information, or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbours. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs Mailsetter in her official duty.

“Preserve us, sirs,” said the butcher’s wife; “there’s ten, eleven — twal letters to Tennant and Co. — the folk do mair business than a’ the rest o’ the burgh.”

“Aye; but see, lass,” answered the baker’s lady, “there’s twa o’ them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side — I doubt there will be protested bills in them.”

“Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon? — the lieutenant’s been awa’ three weeks.”

“Just ane, on Tuesday was a week.”

“Was’t a ship letter?”

“In troth was’t.”

“It wad be frae the lieutenant then — I never thought he wad hae lookit ower his shouther after her.”

“Odd, here’s another,” quoth Mrs Mailsetter. “A ship-letter — post-mark, Sunderland.” — All rushed to seize it. — “Na, na, leddies,” said Mrs Mailsetter, “I hae had aneugh o’ that wark — Ken ye that Mr Mailsetter gat an unco



rebuke frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Bisset's that you opened, Mrs Shortcake?"

"Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport; "ye ken yoursel, madam, it just cam open o' free will in my hand — What could I help it? — folk suld seal wi' better wax."

"Weel I not that's true, too," said Mrs Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares, "and we hae got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken ony body wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass; the provost will take care o' that."

"Na, na; I'll neither trust to provost nor baillie — but I wad aye be obliging and neighbourly, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither — See, the seal has an anchor on't — he's done't wi ane o' his buttons I'm thinking."

"Shew me! shew me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed loveletter, like the weird sisters in Macbeth upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs Heukbane was a tall woman, she



held the epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood a tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

“It’s frae him, sure aneugh — I can read Richard Taffril on the corner, and it’s written, like John Tamson’s wallet, frae end to end.”

“Haud it lower down, madam,” exclaimed Mrs Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required — “haud it lower down — Div ye think naebody can read hand o’ writ but yoursel?”

“Whisht, whisht, sirs, for God’s sake!” said Mrs Mailsetter, “there’s somebody in the shop,” — then aloud — “Look to the customers, Baby.”

Baby answered from without in a shrill tone — “It’s naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma’am, to see if there’s ony letters to her.”

“Tell her,” said the faithful postmistress, winking to her compeers, “to come back the morn at ten o’clock, and I’ll let her ken — we have na had time to sort the mail letters yet — she’s aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o’ mair consequence than the best merchant’s o’ the town.”

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her



to hide the sigh of disappointment, and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

«There's something about a needle and a pole;» said Mrs Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

«Now, that's downright shamefu',» said Mrs Heukbane, «to scorn the poor silly gait of a lassie, after he's keepit company wi' her sae lang, and had his will o' her, as I mak nae doubt he has.»

«It's but ower muckle to be doubted,» echoed Mrs Shortcake; — «to cast up to her that her father's a barber, and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker hersel! Fy for shame!»

«Hout, tout, leddies,» cried Mrs Mailsetter, «ye're clean wrang — It's a line out o' ane o' his sailors sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole.»

«Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae — but it doesna look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers.»

«I'm no denying that,» said Mrs Mailsetter; «but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office thae love-letters — See, here's



five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wardour — maist o' them sealed wi' wafers and no wi' wax — there will be a downcome there, believe me."

"Aye; they will be business letters, and no frae ony o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats of arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs Heukbane; "pride will hae a fa' — he hasna settled his account wi' my gudeman, the deacon, for this twalmonth — he's but slink, I doubt."

"Nor wi' huz for sax months," echoed Mrs Shortcake — "He's but a brunt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty post-mistress, "frae his son, the captain, I'm thinking — the seal has the same things wi' the Knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire."

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire — "Twa letters for Monkbarns — they're frae some o' his learned friends now — See sae close as they're written down to the very seal — and a' to save sending a double letter — that's just like Monkbarns himself. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an unce, that a carvy-seed would sink the scale — but he's ne'er a grane abune it. Weel I wot I wad be broken if I were



to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone and sweetmeats."

"He's a shabby body the laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs Heukbane, — "he'll make a muckle about buying a fore-quarter o' lamb in August, as about a backsey o' beef. Let's taste another drap o' the sinning — (perhaps she meant *cinnamon*) — waters, Mrs Mailsetter, my dear — Ah! lassies, an' ye had kend his brother as I did — mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my first gudeman was awa' at the Falkirk tryst — weel, weel — we'se no speak o' that e'enow."

"I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs Shortcake; "his brother ne'er brought me ony wild deukes, and this is a douce honest man — we serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week — only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the *nick-sticks*, whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and their customers, and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lassies," interrupted Mrs Mailsetter, "here's a sight for sair e'en! — What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter? — this is new corn — I hae nae seen the like o' this — For William Lo-



vel, Esquire, at Mrs Hadoway's, High-street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see! — that's him that the hale town kens naething about — and a weel-fa'ard lad he is — let's see, let's see." Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of mother Eve.

"Na, na, sirs," exclaimed Mrs Mailsetter; "haud awa' — bide aff I tell ye — this is nane o' your fourpenny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office among oursels if ony mischance befell it — the postage is five and twenty shillings — and here's an order frae the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express if he's no at hame. Na, na, sirs, this manna be roughly guided."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter — length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, imperviable by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a deep and strong impression of arms, which defied all tampering.



„Odd, lass,” said Mrs Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing, doubtless, that the too, too solid wax would melt and dissolve itself, „I wad like to ken what’s in the inside o’ this, for that Lovel dings a’ that ever set foot on the plainstanes o’ Fairport — naebody kens what to make o’ him.”

„Weel, weel, leddies,” said the postmistress, „we’s sit down and crack about it — Baby, bring ben the tea-water — Muckle obliged to you for your cookies, Mrs Shortcake — and then we’ll steek the shop, and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the cartes till the gudeman comes hame — and then we’ll try your braw veal sweetbread that ye were sae kind as send me, Mrs Heukbane.”

„But winna ye first send awa’ Mr Lovel’s letter?” said Mrs Heukbane.

„Troth I kenna wha to send wi’t till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxon tell’d me that Mr Lovel stays a’ the day at Monkbarns — he’s in a high fever wi’ pu’ing the laird and Sir Arthur out o’ the sea.”

„Silly auld doited carles,” said Mrs Shortcake; „what gar’d them gang to the douking in a night like yestreen?”

„I was gi’en to understand it was auld Edie that sayed them,” said Mrs Heukbane; „Edie



Ochiltree, the Blue-gown, ye ken — and that he pu'd the hale three out of the auld fish-pond, for Monkbarns had threepit on them to gang in till't to see the wark o' the monks lang syne."

"Hout, lass, nonsense," answered the post-mistress; "I'll tell ye a' about it as Caxon tell't it to me. Ye see, sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and Mr Lovel, suld hae dined at Monkbarns" —

"But, Mrs Mailsetter," again interrupted Mrs Heukbane, "will ye no be for sending awa' this letter by express? — there's our poney and our callant hae gane expresses for the office or now, and the poney hasna gane abune thirty mile the day — Jock was sorting him up as I came ower bye."

"Why, Mrs Heukbane," said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, "ye ken my gudeman likes to ride the expresses himsel — we maun gie our ain fish-guts to our ain seamaws — it's a red half-guinea to him every time he mounts his mare — and I dare say he'll be in sune — or I dare to say, it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning."

"Only that Mr Lovel will be in toun before the express goes off," said Mrs Heukbane, "and



whare are ye then, lass? — but ye ken yere ain ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs Heukbane," answered Mrs Mailsetter, a little out of humour, and even out of countenance, "I am sure I am never against being neighbour-like, and living, and letting live, as they say, and since I hae been sic a fule as to show you the post-office order — ou, nae doubt, it maun be obeyed — but I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to ye — I'll send little Davie on your poney, and that will be just five-and-threepence to ilka yane o' us."

"Davie! Lord help ye, the bairn's no te year auld; and to be plain wi' ye, our poney reists a bit, and it's dooms sweer to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the post-mistress gravely, "it's like we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a' — for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock — our Davie belongs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, aweel, Mrs Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at — but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling poney was brought out of his bed of



straw, and again equipped for service — Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye, and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of the town, and, by the crack of his whip, and the hoop and halloo of his too well-known voice, compelled it to take the road towards Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sybils after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening, which flew next morning through an hundred channels, and in an hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent, were the rumours to which their communications and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant and Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested — others that they had got a great contract from government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow, desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated that Lieutenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon — another that he had sent her a letter, upbraiding her with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal adieu. It was generally reported that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen



into irretrievable confusion, and this rumour was only doubted by the wise, because the report was traced to Mrs Mailsetter's shop, a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had arrived, directed for Mr Lovel, and had been forwarded by an orderly dragoon, dispatched from the head-quarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fairport without stopping, except just to enquire the way to Monkbarns. The reason of such an extraordinary mission to a very peaceful and retired individual, was variously explained. Some said Lovel was an emigrant noble, summoned to head an insurrection that had broken out in La Vendée — others that he was a spy — others that he was a general officer, who was visiting the coast privately — others that he was a prince of the blood, who was travelling *incognito*.

Meanwhile the progress of the packet, which occasioned such speculation, towards its destined owner at Monkbarns, had been perilous and interrupted. The bearer, Davie Mailsetter, as little resembling a bold dragoon as could well be imagined, was carried onwards towards Monkbarns by the poney, so long as the animal had in its recollection the crack of its usual instrument of chastisement, and the shout



of the butcher's boy. But feeling how Davie, whose short legs were unequal to maintain his balance, swung to and fro upon his back, the poney began to disdain further compliance with the intimations he had received. First, then, he slackened his pace to a walk. This was no point of quarrel between him and his rider, who had been considerably discomposed by the rapidity of his former motion, and who now took the opportunity of his abated pace to gnaw a piece of gingerbread, which had been thrust into his hand by his mother, in order to reconcile this youthful emissary of the post-office to the discharge of his duty. Bye and bye the crafty poney availed himself of this surcease of discipline to twitch the rein out of Davie's hands, and apply himself to brouze on the grass by the side of the lane. Sorely astounded by these symptoms of self-willed rebellion, and afraid alike to sit or to fall, poor Davie lifted up his voice and wept aloud. The poney, hearing this pudder over his head, began apparently to think it would be best both for himself and Davie to return from whence they came, and accordingly commenced a retrograde movement towards Fairport. But, as all retreats are apt to end in utter rout, so the steed, alarmed by the boy's cries, and by the flapping of the reins, which



dangled about his forefeet — finding also his nose turned homeward, began to set off at a rate which, if Davie kept the saddle, (a matter extremely dubious) would soon have presented him at Heukbane's stable door, when, at a turn of the road, an intervening auxiliary, in the shape of old Edie Ochiltree, caught hold of the rein, and stopped his farther proceeding. „Wha's aught ye, callant? what an a gate's that to ride?”

„I canna help it! — they ca' me little Davie.”

„And where are ye gaun?”

„I'm gaun to Monkbarns.”

„Stirra, this is no the road to Monkbarns.”

But Davie could only answer the expostulation with sighs and tears.

Old Edie was easily moved to compassion where childhood was in the case. „I wasna gaun that gate,” he thought, „but it's the best o' my way o' life that I canna be weel out o' my road. They'll gie me quarters at Monkbarns readily aneugh, and I'll e'en hirple awa' there wi' the wean, for it will knock its harns out, puir thing, if there's no somebody to guide the poney. — Sae ye hae a letter, hinney? will ye let me see't?”

„I'm no guan to let naebody see the letter,”



blubbered the boy, „till I gie't to Mr Lovel, for I am a faithfu' servant o' the office — if it were na for the poney.”

„Very right, my little man,” said Ochiltree, turning the reluctant poney's head towards Monkbarns, „but we'll guide him atween us, if he's no a' the sweerer.”

Upon the very height of Kinprunes, to which Monkbarns had invited Lovel after their dinner, the Antiquary, once more reconciled to the once-degraded spot, was expatiating upon the topics the scenery afforded for a description of Agricola's camp at the dawn of morning, when his eye was caught by the appearance of the mendicant and his protégé. „What the devil! — here comes old Edie, bag and baggage, I think.”

The beggar explained his errand, and Davie, who insisted upon a literal execution of his commission by going on to Monkbarns, was with difficulty prevailed upon to surrender the packet to its proper owner, although he met him a mile nearer than the place he had been directed to. „But my minnie said, I maun be sure to get twenty shillings and five shillings for the postage, and ten shillings and sixpence for the express — there's the paper.”

„Let me see — let me see,” said Oldbuck,



putting on his spectacles, and examining the crumpled copy of regulations to which Davie appealed. „Express, per man and horse, one day, not to exceed ten shillings and sixpence. — One day? why, it's not an hour — Man and horse? why 'tis a monkey on a starved cat!”

„Father wad hae come himsel,” said Davie, „on the muckle red mare, an ye wad hae bidden till the morn's night.”

„Four-and-twenty hours after the regular date of delivery! — You little cockatrice egg, do you understand the art of imposition so early?”

„Hout, Monkbarns, dinna set your wit against a bairn,” said the beggar; „mind the butcher risked his beast, and the wife her wean, and I am sure ten and saxpence is na ower muckle. Ye didna gang sae near wi' Johnnie Howie, when” —

Lovel, who, sitting on the supposed *Prætorium*, had glanced over the contents of the packet, now put an end to the altercation by paying Davie's demand, and then turning to Mr Oldbuck, with a look of much agitation, he excused himself from returning with him to Monkbarns that evening. „I must instantly go to Fairport, and perhaps leave it on a mo-



ment's notice; your kindness, Mr Oldbuck, I never can forget."

"No bad news, I hope?" said the Antiquary.

"Of a very chequered complexion," answered his friend — "Farewell — in good or bad fortune I will not forget your regard."

"Nay, nay, — stop, stop a moment. If — if — (making an effort) — if there be any pecuniary inconvenience — I have fifty — or a hundred guineas, at your service — till — till Whitsunday — or indeed as long as you please."

"I am much obliged, Mr Oldbuck, but I am amply provided. Excuse me — I really cannot sustain further conversation at present. I will write, or see you, before I leave Fairport — that is, if I find myself obliged to go." So saying, he shook the Antiquary's hand warmly, turned from him, and walked rapidly towards the town, "staying no longer question."

"Very extraordinary indeed," said Oldbuck; "but there's something about this lad I can never fathom; and yet I cannot for my heart think ill of him neither. I must go home and take off the fire in the Green Room, for none of my womankind will venture into it after twilight."

"And how am I to win hame?" blubbered the disconsolate express.



„It's a fine night," said the Blue-gown, looking up to the skies; „I had as gude gang back to the town, and take care o' the wean."

„Do so, do so, Edie;" and, rummaging for some time in his huge waistcoat pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, „there's sixpence to ye to buy sneeshin.



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## CHAPTER LVI.

*“I am bewitched with the rogue’s company. If the rascal has not given me medicines to make me love him, I’ll be hang’d; it could not be else. I have drunk medicines,”*

### *Second Part of Henry IV.*

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REGULAR for a fortnight were the enquiries of the Antiquary at the veteran Caxon, whether he had heard what Mr Lovel was about; and as regular were Caxon’s answers, “that the town could learn naething about him whatever, except that he had received anither muckle letter or twa frae the south, and that he was never seen on the plainstanes at a’.”

“How does he live, Caxon?”

“Ou, Mrs Hadoway just dresses him a beef-stake, or a mutton-chop, or makes him some Friar’s chicken, or just what she likes hersel, and he eats it in the little red parlour off his



bed-room. She canna get him to say that he likes ae thing better than anither; and she makes him tea in a morning, and he settles honourably wi' her every week."

"But does he never stir abroad?"

"He has clean gie'n up walking, and he sit's a' day in his room reading or writing. A hantle letters he has written, but he wadna put them into our post-house, though Mrs Hadoway offered to carry them hersel, but sent them a' under ae cover to the sheriff, and it's Mrs Mailsetter's belief that the sheriff sent his groom to put them into the post-office at Tannonburgh; it's my puir thought that he jaloused their looking into his letters at Fairport; and weel had he need, for my puir daughter Jenny" —

"Tut, don't plague me with your womankind, Caxon. About this poor young lad — Does he write nothing but letters?"

"Ou, aye — hale sheets o' other things, Mrs Hadoway says. She wishes muckle he could be gotten to take a walk; she thinks he's but looking very puirly, and his appetite's clean gane; but he'll no hear o' ganging ower the door-stane — him that used to walk sae muckle too."

"That's wrong; I have a guess what he's busy about; but he must not work too hard neither. I'll go and see him this very day — he's deep, doubtless, in the Caledoniad."



Having formed this manful resolution, Mr Oldbuck equipped himself for the expedition with his thick walking-shoes and gold-headed cane, muttering the while the words of Falstaff, which we have chosen for the motto of this chapter; for the Antiquary was himself rather surprised at the degree of attachment which he could not but acknowledge he entertained for this stranger.

A walk to Fairport had become somewhat of an adventure with Mr Oldbuck, and one which he did not often care to undertake. He hated greetings in the market-place; and there were generally loiterers in the streets to persecute him either about the news of the day, or about some petty pieces of business. So upon this occasion, he had no sooner entered the streets of Fairport, than it was "Goodmorning, Mr Oldbuck — a sight o' you's gude for sair een — what d'ye think of the news in the Sun the-day? — they say the great attempt will be made in a fortnight."

"I wish to the Lord it were made and over, that I might hear no more about it."

"Monkbarns, your honour, I hope the plants gied satisfaction? and if ye wanted ony flower roots fresh frae Holland, or (this in a lower key) an anker or twa o' Cologne gin, ane o' our brigs cam in yestreen."



“Thank ye, thank ye, — no occasion at present, Mr Crabtree,” said the Antiquary, pushing resolutely onward.

“Mr Oldbuck, said the town-clerk, (a more important person, who came in front, and ventured to stop the old gentleman,) “the provost understanding you were in town, begs on no account that you’ll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about bringing the water frae the Fairwell-spring through a part o’ your lands.”

“What the deuce! — have they nobody’s land but mine to cut and carve on? — I won’t consent, tell them.”

“And the provost,” said the clerk, going on, “and the council, wad be agreeable that you should hae the auld stanes at Donagild’s chapel, that ye was wussing to hae.”

“Eh? — what? — Oho, that’s another story — Well, I’ll call upon the provost, and we’ll talk about it.”

“But ye maun speak your mind on’t forthwith, Monkbarns, if ye want the stanes; for Deacon Harlewalls thinks the carved through stanes might be put with advantage on the front of the new council-house — that is, the twa cross-legged figures that the callants used to ca’ Robin and Bobbin, ane on ilka door-cheek; and the other stane, that they ca’d Ailie Dalie,



abune the door. It will be very tastefu', the deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic."

"Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation! — A monument of a knight-templar on each side of a Grecian porch, and a Madonna on the top of it! — *O crimini!* — Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stones, and we'll not differ about the water-course. — It's lucky I happened to come this way to-day."

They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to exult in the dexterity he had displayed, since the whole proposal of an exchange between the monuments, (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance, because they encroached three feet upon the public road,) and the privilege of conveying the water to the burgh through the estate of Monkbarns, was an idea which had originated with himself upon the pressure of the moment.

Through these various entanglements, Monkbarns (to use the phrase by which he was distinguished in the country) made his way at length to Mrs Hadoway's. This good woman was the widow of a late clergyman at Fairport, who had been reduced, by her husband's untimely death, to that state of straitened and embarrassed circumstances in which the widows of the Scotch clergy are too often found. The



tenement which she occupied, and the furniture of which she was possessed, gave her the means of letting a part of her house, and as Lovel had been a quiet, regular, and profitable lodger, and had qualified the necessary intercourse which they had together with a great deal of gentleness and courtesy, Mrs Hadoway, not, perhaps, much used to such kindly treatment, had become greatly attached to her lodger, and was profuse in every sort of personal attention which circumstances permitted her to render him. To cook a dish somewhat better than ordinary for "the poor young gentleman's dinner;" to exert her interest with those who remembered her husband, or loved her for her own sake and his, in order to procure scarce vegetables, or something which her simplicity supposed might tempt her lodger's appetite, was a labour in which she delighted, although she anxiously concealed it from the person who was its object. She did not adopt this secrecy of benevolence to avoid the laugh of those who might suppose that an oval face and dark eyes, with a clear brown complexion, though belonging to a woman of five-and-forty, and enclosed within a widow's close-drawn pinnars, might possibly still aim at making conquests; for, to say truth, such a ridiculous suspicion having never entered into her own head, she



could not anticipate its having birth in that of any one else. But she concealed her attentions solely out of delicacy to her guest, whose power of repaying them she doubted as much as she believed in his inclination to do so, and in his feeling extreme pain at leaving any of her civilities unrequited. She now opened the door to Mr Oldbuck, and her surprise at seeing him brought tears into her eyes, which she could hardly restrain.

“I am glad to see you, sir — I am very glad to see you. My poor young gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell; and O, Mr Oldbuck, he’ll see neither doctor, nor minister, nor writer! And think what it would be, if, as my poor Mr Hadoway used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned faculties.”

“Much better than with them,” grumbled the cynical Antiquary. “I tell you, Mrs Hadoway, the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes.”

“O fie, Monkbarns, to hear the like o’ that fear you! — But ye’ll walk up and see the poor young lad? — hegh, sirs, sae young and weel-favoured — and day by day he has eat less and less, and now he hardly touches ony thing, only just bits a bit on the plate to make fashion,



and his poor cheek has turned every day thinner and paler, sae that he now really looks as auld as me, that might be his mother — no that I might be just that neither, but something very near it."

"Why does he not take some exercise?" said Oldbuck.

"I think we have persuaded him to do that, for he has bought a horse from Gibbie Golightly, the galloping groom. A gude judge o' horse-flesh, Gibbie tauld our lass that he was — for he offered him a beast he thought wad answer him weel aneugh, as he was a bookish man, but Mr Lovel wadna look at it, and bought ane might serve the Master o' Morphie — they keep it at the Græmes Arms, ower the street — and he rode out yesterday morning and this morning before breakfast — But winna ye walk up to his room?"

"Presently, presently — but has he no visitors?"

"O dear, Mr Oldbuck, not ane; if he wadna receive them when he was weel and sprightly, what chance is there of ony body in Fairport looking in upon him now?"

"Aye, aye, very true — I should have been surprised had it been otherwise — Come, shew



me up stairs, Mrs Hadoway, lest I make a blunder, and go where I should not."

The good landlady shewed her narrow staircase to Mr Oldbuck, warning him of every turn, and lamenting all the while that he was laid under the necessity of mounting up so high. At length, she gently tapped at the door of her guest's parlour. "Come in," said Lovel; and Mrs Hadoway ushered in the Laird of Monk-barns.

The little parlour was neat and clean, and decently furnished — ornamented too by such reliques of her youthful arts of sempstress-ship as Mrs Hadoway had retained; but it was close, overheated, and, as it appeared to Oldbuck, an unwholesome situation for a young person in delicate health, an observation which ripened his resolution touching a project that had already occurred to him on Lovel's behalf. With a writing-table before him, on which lay a quantity of books and papers, Lovel was seated on a couch, in his night-gown and slippers. Oldbuck was shocked at the change which had taken place in his personal appearance. His cheek and brow had assumed a ghastly white, except where a round bright spot of hectic red formed a strong and painful contrast, totally different from the general cast of hale and hardy



complexion which had formerly overspread and somewhat embrowned his countenance. Oldbuck observed, that the dress he wore belonged to a deep mourning suit, and a coat of the same colour hung on a chair near to him. As the Antiquary entered, Lovel arose and came forward to welcome him.

“This is very kind,” said he, shaking him by the hand, and thanking him warmly for his visit; “this is very kind, and has anticipated a visit with which I intended to trouble you — you must know I have become a horseman lately.”

“I understand as much from Mrs Hadoway — I only hope, my good young friend, you have been fortunate in a quiet horse — I myself inadvertently bought one from the said Gibbie Golightly, which brute ran two miles on end with me after a pack of hounds, with which I had no more to do than the last year’s snow, and after affording infinite amusement, I suppose, to the whole hunting field, he was so good as to deposit me in a dry ditch — I hope yours is a more peaceful beast?”

“I hope at least we shall make our excursions on a better plan of mutual understanding.”

“That is to say, you think yourself a good horseman?”



“I would not willingly confess myself a very bad one.”

“No; all you young fellows think that would be equal to calling yourselves tailors at once — But, have you had experience? for, *crede ex-vento*, a horse in a passion is no joker.”

“Why, I should be sorry to boast myself as a great horseman; but when I acted as aid de camp to Sir — — in the cavalry action at —, last year, I saw many better cavaliers than myself dismounted.”

“Ah! you have looked in the face of the grisly God of arms then — you are acquainted with the frowns of Mars armipotent? — That experience fills up the measure of your qualifications for the epopea. The Britons, however, you will remember, fought in chariots — *covinari* is the phrase of Tacitus — you recollect the fine description of their dashing among the Roman infantry — although the historian tells us how ill the rugged face of the ground was calculated for equestrian combat — and truly, upon the whole, what sort of chariots could be driven in Scotland any where but upon turnpike roads, has been to me always matter of amazement. And well now — Has the Muse visited you? — Have you got any thing to shew me?”



“My time,” said Lovel, with a glance at his black dress, “has been less pleasantly employed.”

“The death of a friend?”

“Yes, Mr Oldbuck; of almost the only friend I could ever boast of possessing.”

“Indeed? Well, young man, be comforted — to have lost a friend by death while your mutual regard was warm and unchilled, while the tear can drop unembittered by any painful recollection of coldness or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy dispensation. Look round you — how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed! — our sources of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Bacha, and we hew out to ourselves other reservoirs from which the first companions of our pilgrimage are excluded — jealousies, rivalries, envy, intervene to separate others from our side, until none remain but those who are connected with us, rather by habit than predilection, or who, allied more in blood than in disposition, keep the old man company in his life, that they may not be forgotten at his death —

*Hæc data pæna diu viventibus —*



Ah! Mr Lovel, if it be your lot to reach the chill, cloudy, and comfortless evening of life, you will remember the sorrows of your youth as the light shadowy clouds that intercepted for a moment the beams of the sun when it was rising. — But I cram these words into your ears against the stomach of your sense.”

“I am sensible of your kindness,” answered the youth, “but the wound that is of recent infliction must always smart severely, and I should be little comforted under my present affliction — forgive me for saying so — by the conviction that life had nothing in reserve for me but a train of successive sorrows. And permit me to add, you, Mr Oldbuck, have least reason of many men to take so gloomy a view of life — you have a competent and easy fortune — are generally respected — may, in your own phrase, *vacare musis*, indulge yourself in the researches to which your taste addicts you — you may form your own society without doors, and within you have the affectionate and sedulous attention of the nearest relatives.”

“Why, yes; the womankind — for woman-kind — are, thanks to my training, very civil and tractable — do not disturb me in my morning studies — creep across the floor with the stealthy pace of a cat, when it suits me to take



a nap in my easy chair after dinner or tea. All this is very well — but I want something to exchange ideas with — something to talk to.”

“Then why do you not invite your nephew, Captain M’Intyre, who is mentioned by every one as a fine spirited young fellow, to become a member of your family?”

“Who? my nephew Hector? — the Hotspur of the North? — Why, Heaven love you, I would as soon invite a firebrand into my stack-yard — he’s an Almanzor, a Chamont — has a Highland pedigree as long as his claymore, and a claymore as long as the High-street of Fairport, which he unsheathed upon the surgeon the last time he was at Fairport — I expect him here one of these days, but I will keep him at staff’s end, I promise you — He an inmate of my house! to make my very chairs and tables tremble at his brawls — No, no, I’ll none of Hector M’Intyre. But hark ye, Lovel, you are a quiet, gentle-tempered lad, had not you better set up your staff at Monk-barns for a month or two, since I conclude you do not immediately intend to leave this country? — I will have a door opened out to the garden — it will cost but a trifle — there is the space for an old one which was condemned long ago — by which said door you



may pass and repass into the Green Chamber at pleasure, so you will not interfere with the old man, nor he with you. As for your fare, Mrs Hadoway tells me you are, as she terms it, very moderate of your mouth, so you will not quarrel with my humble table. Your washing" —

"Hold, my dear Mr Oldbuck," interposed Lovel, unable to repress a smile; "and before your hospitality settles all my accommodations, let me thank you most sincerely for so kind an offer — it is not at present in my power to accept of it; but very likely before I bid adieu to Scotland, I shall find an opportunity to pay you a visit of some length."

Mr Oldbucks countenance fell. "Why, I thought I had hit on the very arrangement that would suit us both, and who knows what might happen in the long run, and whether we might ever part? — Why, I am master of my acres, man — there is the advantage of being descended from a man of more sense than pride — they cannot oblige me to transmit my goods, chattels, and heritages, any way but as I please. No string of substitute heirs of entail, as empty and unsubstantial as the morsels of paper strung to the train of a boy's kite, to cumber my flights of inclination, and my humours of predilection.



— Well — I see you won't be tempted at present — But Caledonia goes on, I hope?"

"O, certainly!" said Lovel, "I cannot think of relinquishing a plan so hopeful."

"It is indeed," said the Antiquary, looking gravely upward; for, though shrewd and acute enough in estimating the variety of plans formed by others, he had a very natural, though rather disproportioned, good opinion of the importance of those which originated with himself — "It is indeed one of those undertakings which, if achieved with spirit equal to that which dictates its conception, may redeem from the charge of frivolity the literature of the present generation."

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the room-door, which introduced a letter for Mr Lovel. The servant waited, Mrs Hadoway said, for an answer. "You are concerned in this matter, Mr Oldbuck," said Lovel, after glancing over the billet; and handed it to the Antiquary as he spoke.

It was a letter from Sir Arthur Wardour, couched in extremely civil language, regretting that a fit of the gout had prevented his hitherto shewing Mr Lovel the attentions to which his conduct during a late perilous occasion had so well entitled him — apologizing for not paying



his respects in person, but hoping Mr Lovel would dispense with that ceremony, and be a member of a small party which proposed to visit the ruins of St Ruth's priory, on the following day, and afterwards to dine and spend the evening at Knockwinnock castle. Sir Arthur concluded with saying, that he had sent to request the Monkbarns family to join the party of pleasure which he thus proposed. The place of rendezvous was fixed at a turnpike-gate, which was about an equal distance from all the points from which the company were to assemble.

“What shall we do?” said Lovel, looking at the Antiquary, but pretty certain of the part he would take.

“Go, man — we’ll go, by all means. Let me see — it will cost a post-chaise though, which will hold you and me, and Mary M’Intyre, very well; and the other womankind may go to the manse, and you can come out in the chaise to Monkbarns, as I will take it for the day.”

“Why, I rather think I had better ride.”

“True, true, I forgot your Bucephalus. You are a foolish lad, by the bye; you should stick to eighteenpence a side, if you will trust any creature’s legs in preference to your own.”



“Why, as the horse’s have the advantage of moving considerably faster, and are, besides, two pair to one, I own I incline” —

“Enough said — enough said — do as you please. Well, then, I’ll bring either Grizel or the minister, for I love to have my full penny-worth out of post-horses — and we meet at Tirlingen turnpike on Friday, at twelve o’clock precisely.” — And with this agreement the friends separated.



## CHAPTER XVII.

*"Of seats they tell, where priests, 'mid tapers  
dim,*

*Breathed the warm prayer or tuned the mid-  
night hymn:*

*To scenes like these the fainting soul retired,*

*Revenge and Anger in these cells expired;*

*By Pity soothed, Remorse lost half her fears,*

*And soften'd Pride dropp'd penitential tears."*

*Crabbe's Borough.*

THE morning of Friday was as serene and beautiful as if no pleasure party had been intended; and that is a rare event, whether in novel-writing or real life. Lovel, who felt the genial influence of the weather, and rejoiced at the prospect of once more meeting with Miss Wardour, trotted forward to the place of rendez-vous with better spirits than he had



for some time enjoyed. His prospects seemed in many respects to open and brighten before him, and hope, although breaking like the morning sun through clouds and showers, appeared now about to illuminate the path before him. He was, as might have been expected from this state of spirits, first at the place of meeting, and, as might also have been anticipated, his looks were so intently directed towards the road from Knockwinnock castle, that he was only apprized of the arrival of the Monkbarns division by the gee-hupping of the postillion, as the post-chaise lumbered up behind him. In this vehicle were pent up, first, the stately figure of Mr Oldbuck himself; secondly, the scarce less portly person of the reverend Mr Blattergowl, minister of Trotcossey, the parish in which Monkbarns and Knockwinnock were both situated. The reverend gentleman was equipped in a buzz wig, upon the top of which was an equilateral cocked hat. This was the paragon of the three yet remaining wigs of the parish, which differed, as Monkbarns used to remark, like the three degrees of comparison; Sir Arthur's ramilies being the positive, his own bob-wig the comparative, and the overwhelming grizzle of the worthy clergyman figuring as the superlative. The superintendant of these antique garnitures,



deeming, or affecting to deem, that he could not well be absent on an occasion which assembled all three together, had seated himself on the board behind the carriage, «just to be in the way in case they wanted a touch before the gentlemen sate down to dinner.” Between the two stately figures of Monkbarns and the clergyman was stuck, by way of bodkin, the slim form of Mary M’Intyre, her aunt having preferred a visit to the manse, and a social chat with Miss Beckie Blattergowl, to investigating the ruins of the priory of Saint Ruth.

As greetings passed between the members of the Monkbarns party and Mr Lovel, the baronet’s carriage, an open barouche, swept onward to the place of appointment, making, with its smoking bays, smart drivers, arms, blazoned pannels, and a brace of out-riders, a strong contrast with the battered vehicle and broken-winded hacks which had brought thither the Antiquary and his followers. The principal seat of the carriage was occupied by Sir Arthur and his daughter. At the first glance which passed betwixt Miss Wardour and Lovel, her colour rose considerably; but she had apparently made up her mind to receive him as a friend, and only as such, and there was equal composure and courtesy in the mode of her reply to his fluttered salutation. Sir Ar-



thur halted the barouche to shake his preserver kindly by the hand, and intimate the pleasure he had on this opportunity of returning him his personal thanks; then mentioned to him, in a tone of slight introduction, "Mr Douster-swivel, Mr Lovel."

Lovel took the necessary notice of the German adept, who occupied the front seat of the carriage, which is usually conferred upon dependants or inferiors. The ready grin and supple inclination with which his salutation, though slight, was answered by the foreigner, increased the internal dislike which Lovel had already conceived towards him; and it was plain, from the lower of the Antiquary's shaggy eye-brow, that he too looked with displeasure on this addition to the company. Little more than distant greeting passed among the members of the party, until, having rolled on for about three miles beyond the place at which they met, the carriages at length stopped at the sign of the Four Horse-shoes, a small hedge inn, where Caxon humbly opened the door, and let down the step of the hack-chaise, while the inmates of the barouche were, by their more courtly attendants, assisted to leave their equipage.

Here renewed greetings passed; the young ladies shook hands; and Oldbuck, completely in his element, placed himself as guide and



Ciceroné at the head of the party, who were now to advance upon foot towards the object of their curiosity. He took care to detain Lovel close beside him as the best listener of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of explanation and instruction to Miss Wardour and Mary M'Intyre, who followed next in order. The baronet and the clergyman he rather avoided, as he was aware that both of them conceived they understood such matters as well, or better, than he did; and Dousterswivel, besides that he looked on him as a charlatan, was so nearly connected with his apprehended loss in the stock of the mining company, that he could not abide the sight of him. These two latter satellites, therefore, attended upon the orb of Sir Arthur, to whom, moreover, as the most important person of the society, they were naturally induced to attach themselves.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry you to the very spot. This is particularly the case in the country around Fairport, which is, generally speaking, open, uninclosed, and



bare. But here and there the progress of rills, or small rivers, has formed dells, glens, or, as they are provincially termed, *dens*, on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is more gratifying, as it forms an unexpected contrast with the general face of the country. This was eminently the case with the approach to the ruins of Saint Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheep-track, along the side of a steep and bare hill. By degrees, however, as this path descended, and winded round the hill side, trees began to appear, at first singly, stunted and blighted, with locks of wool upon their trunks, and their roots hollowed out into recesses, in which the sheep love to repose themselves, — a sight much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the picturesque than to that of a planter or forester. By and by the trees formed groups, fringed on the edges, and filled up in the middle, by thorns and hazel bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together, that, although a broad glade opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath occurred which had refused nourishment to the seed which they sprinkled round, and consequently remained open and waste, the scene



might on the whole be termed decidedly woodland. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely; the rush of a brook was heard below, and, between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its waters were seen hurling clear and rapid under their sylvan canopy.

Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of Ciceroné, and anxiously directed the company not to go a foot-breadth off the track which he pointed out to them, if they wished to enjoy in full perfection what they came to see. "You are happy in me for a guide, Miss Wardour," exclaimed the veteran, waving his hand and head in cadence as he repeated with emphasis,

"I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,  
[ And every bosky bower from side to side."

— Ah! deuce take it! — that spray of a bramble has demolished all Caxon's labours, and nearly canted my wig into the stream — so much for recitations, *hors de propos*."

"Never mind, my dear sir," said Miss Wardour, "you have your faithful attendant ready to repair such a disaster when it happens, and when you appear with it as restored to



its original splendour, I will carry on the quotation:

“So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled  
ore  
Flames on the forehead” —

“O enough, enough!” answered Oldbuck,  
“I ought to have known what it was to give  
you advantage over me — But here is what  
will stop your career of satire, for you are an  
admirer of nature I know.” In fact, when  
they had followed him through a breach in a  
low, ancient, and ruinous wall, they came  
suddenly upon a scene equally unexpected and  
interesting.

They stood pretty high upon the side of the  
glen, which had suddenly opened into a sort  
of amphitheatre to give room for a pure and  
profound lake of a few acres extent, and a  
space of level ground around it. The banks  
then arose every where steeply, and in some  
places were varied by rocks — in others co-  
vered with the copse which run up, feathering  
their sides lightly and irregularly, and break-  
ing the uniformity of the green pasture-ground.  
Beneath, the lake discharged itself into the



huddling and tumultuous brook, which had been their companion since they had entered the glen. At the point at which it issued from "its parent lake," stood the ruins which they had come to visit. They were not of great extent; but the singular beauty, as well as wild and sequestered character of the spot on which they were situated, gave them an interest and importance superior to that which attaches itself to architectural remains of greater consequence, but placed near to ordinary houses, and possessing less romantic accompaniments. The eastern window of the church remained entire, with all its ornaments and tracery work, and the sides upheld by light-flying buttresses, whose airy support, detached from the wall against which they were placed, and ornamented with pinnacles and carved work, gave a variety and lightness to the building. The roof and western end of the church were completely ruinous, but the latter appeared to have made one side of a square, of which the ruins of the conventual buildings formed other two, and the gardens a fourth. The side of these buildings, which overhung the brook, was partly founded on a steep and precipitous rock; for the place had been occasionally turned to military purposes, and had been taken with great slaughter during Montrose's wars. The ground



formerly occupied by the garden was still marked by a few orchard trees. At a greater distance from the buildings were detached oaks and elms and chesnuts, growing singly, which had attained great size. The rest of the space between the ruins and the hill was a close-cropt sward, which the daily pasture of the sheep kept in much finer order than if it had been subjected to the scythe and broom. The whole scene had a repose, which was still and affecting without being monotonous. The dark, deep bason, in which the clear blue lake reposed, reflecting the water-lilies which grew on its surface, and the trees which here and there threw their arms from the banks, was finely contrasted with the haste and tumult of the brook which broke away from the outlet, as if escaping from confinement, and hurried down the glen, wheeling around the base of the rock on which the ruins were situated, and brawling in foam and fury with every shelve and stone which obstructed its passage. A similar contrast was seen between the level green meadow, in which the ruins were situated, and the large timber trees which were scattered over it, compared with the precipitous banks which arose at a short distance around, partly fringed with light and feathery under-wood, partly rising in steeps clothed with purple

OVG  
—H—  
OΛΘΛO  
[HC ΘH]  
OVΘVO  
—H—  
OΛΘΛO  
[HC ΘH]  
OVΘVO  
—H—  
O



heath, and partly more abruptly elevated into fronts of grey rock, chequered with lichen, and with those hardy plants which find root even in the most arid crevices of the crags.

“There was the retreat of learning in the days of darkness, Mr Lovel,” said Oldbuck, around whom the company had now grouped themselves while they admired the unexpected opening of a prospect so romantic; “there reposed the sages who were weary of the world, and devoted either to that which was to come, or to the service of the generations who should follow them in this — I will shew you presently the library — see that stretch of wall with square-shafted windows — there it existed, stored, as an old manuscript in my possession assures me, with five thousand volumes — And here I might well take up the lamentation of the learned Leland, who, regretting the downfall of the conventual libraries, exclaims, like Rachael weeping for her children, that if the papal laws, decrees, decretals, clementines, and other such drugs of the devil, yea, if Heytesburg’s sophisms, Porphyry’s universals, Aristotle’s logic, and Dunse’s divinity, with such other lousy legerdemains, (begging your pardon, Miss Wardour,) and fruits of the bottomless pit, had leapt out of our libraries, for the accommodation of grocers, candle-makers,



soap-sellers, and other worldly occupiers, we might have been therewith contented. But to put our ancient chronicles, our noble histories, our learned commentaries, and natural monuments, to such offices of contempt and subjection, has greatly degraded our nation, and shewed ourselves dishonoured in the eyes of posterity to the utmost stretch of time — O negligence, most unfriendly to our land!"

"And, O John Knox," said the baronet, "through whose influence, and under whose auspices, the patriotic task was accomplished!"

The Antiquary, somewhat in the situation of a woodcock caught in his own springe, turned short round and coughed, to excuse a slight blush as he mustered his answer — "As to the Apostle of Scottish Reformation" —

But Miss Wardour broke in to interrupt a conversation so dangerous. "Pray, who was the author you quoted, Mr Oldbuck?"

"The learned Leland, Miss Wardour, who lost his senses on witnessing the destruction of the conventual libraries in England."

"Now I think his misfortune may have saved the rationality of some modern antiquaries, which would certainly have been drowned if so fast a lake of learning had not been diminished by draining."

"Well, thank heaven, there is no danger



now — they have hardly left us a spoonful to perform the dire feat."

So saying, he led the way down the bank, by a steep but secure path, which soon placed them on the verdant meadow where the ruins stood. "There they lived," continued the Antiquary, "with nought to do but to spend their time in investigating points of remote antiquity, transcribing manuscripts, and composing new works for the information of posterity."

"And," added the baronet, "in exercising the rites of devotion with a pomp and ceremonial worthy of the office of the priesthood."

"And if Sir Robert's excellence will permit," said the German, with a low bow, "the monksh might alsho make the vary curious experiment in deir laboraties, both in chemistry and *magia naturalis*."

"I think," said the clergyman, "they would have enough to do in collecting the teinds of the parsonage and vicarage of three good parishes."

"And all," added Miss Wardour, nodding to the Antiquary, "without interruption from womankind."

"True, my fair foe," said Oldbuck, "this was a paradise where no Eve was admitted, and we may wonder the rather how the good fathers came to lose it."



With such criticisms on the occupations of those by whom the ruins had been formerly possessed, they wandered for some time from one moss-grown shrine to another, under the guidance of Oldbuck, who explained, with much plausibility, the ground-plan of the edifice, and read and expounded to the company the various mouldering inscriptions which yet were to be traced upon the tombs of the dead, or under the vacant niches of the sainted images. "What is the reason," at length Miss Wardour asked the Antiquary, "why tradition has preserved to us such meagre accounts of the inmates of these stately edifices, raised with such expence of labour and taste, and whose owners were in their times personages of such awful power and importance? The meanest tower of a freebooting baron, or squire, who lived by his lance and broadsword, is consecrated by its appropriate legend, and the shepherd will tell you with accuracy the names and feats of its inhabitants; but ask a countryman concerning these beautiful and extensive remains — these towers, these arches, and buttresses, and shafted windows, reared at such cost, three words fill up his answer — 'they were made by the monks lang syne.'"

The question was somewhat puzzling — Sir Arthur looked upward as if hoping to be inspired



with an answer — Oldbuck shoved back his wig — the clergyman was of opinion that his parishioners were too deeply impressed with the true presbyterian doctrine to preserve any records concerning the papistical cumberers of the land, offshoots as they were of the great overshadowing tree of iniquity, whose roots are in the bowels of the seven hills of abomination — Lovel thought the question was best resolved by considering what are the events which leave the deepest impression on the mind of the common people — “These,” he contended, “were not such as resemble the gradual progress of a fertilizing river, but the headlong and precipitous fury of some portentous flood. The eras, by which the vulgar compute time, have always reference to some period of fear and tribulation, and they date by a tempest, an earthquake, or burst of civil commotion. When such are the facts most alive in the memory of the common people, we cannot wonder,” he concluded, “that the ferocious warrior is remembered, and the peaceful abbots are abandoned to forgetfulness and oblivion.”

“If you pleashe, gentlemans and ladies, and ashking pardon of Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and this worthy clergymansh, and my good friend Mr Oldenbuck, who is my countrymansh, and of goot young Mr Lofel



also, I think it is all owing to de hand of glory."

"The hand of what?" exclaimed Oldbuck.

"De hand of glory, my goot Master Oldenbuck, which is a vary great and terrible secrets — which de monksh used to conceal their treasures when they were triven from their cloisters by what you call de Reform."

"Aye, indeed! tell us about that," said Oldbuck, "for these are secrets worth knowing."

"Why, my goot Master Oldenbuck, you will only laugh at me — But de hand of glory is vary well known in de countries where your worthy progenitors did live — and it is hand cut off from a dead man, as has been hanged for murther, and dried very nice in the shmoke of juniper wood, and if you put a little of what you call yew wid your juniper, it will not be any better — that is, it will not be no worse — then you do take something of de fatsh of de bear, and of de badger, and of de great eber, as you call de grand boar, and of de little sucking child as has not been christened (for dat is very essentials), and you do make a candle, and put it into de hand of glory at de proper hour and minute, and with de proper ceremonish, and he who seeksh for treasuresh shall never find none at all."

"I dare take my corporal oath of that con-



clusion," said the Antiquary. "And was it the custom, Mr Dousterswivel, in Westphalia, to make use of this elegant candelabrum?"

"Always, Mr Oldenbuck, when you did not want nobody to talk of nothing you wash doing about — And de monksh always did this when they did hide their church plates, and their great chalices, and de rings, wid very preshious shtones and jewels."

"But, notwithstanding, you knights of the Rosy Cross have means, no doubt, of breaking the spell, and discovering what the poor monks have put themselves to so much trouble to conceal?"

"Ah! goot Mr Oldenbuck, replied the adept, shaking his head mysteriously, "you was very hard to believe; but if you had seen de great huge pieces of de plate so massive, Sir Arthur — so fine fashion, Miss Wardour — and de silver cross dat we did find (dat was Schroeffer and my ownself) for de Herr Freygraff, as you call de Baron Von Blunderhaus, I do believe you would have believed then."

"Seeing is believing indeed — But what was your art — what was your mystery, Mr Dousterswivel?"

"Aha, Mr Oldenbuck, dat is my little secret, mine goot sir — you sall forgife me that I not tell that — But I will tell you dere are



various ways — yes, indeed, dere is de dream dat you dream tree times, dat is a vary goot way.”

“I am glad of that,” said Oldbuck; “I have a friend (with a side glance to Lovel) who is peculiarly favoured by the visits of Queen Mab.”

“Den dere is de sympathies, and de antipathies, and the strange properties and virtues natural of divers herb, and of de little divining rod.”

“I would gladly rather see some of these wonders than hear of them,” said Miss Wardour.

“Ah, but, my much-honoured young lady, this is not de time or de way to do de great wonder of finding all de church’s plate and treasure; but to oblige you, and Sir Arthur my patron, and de reverend clergymans, and goot Mr Oldenbuck, and young Mr Losel, who is a very goot young gentleman also, I will show you dat it is possible, a vary possible, to discover de spring of water, and de little fountain hidden in de ground, without any mattock, or spade, or dig at all.”

„Umph!” quoth the Antiquary, „I have heard of that conundrum. That will be no very productive art in our country — you should carry that property to Spain or Portugal, and turn it to good account.”

„Ah, my goot Mr Oldenbuck, dere is de



Inquisition, and de Auto-da-fe — they would burn me, who am but a simple philosopher, for one great conjuror.”

„They would cast away their coals then,” said Oldbuck; „but,” continued he, in a whisper to Lovel, „were they to pillory him for one of the most impudent rascals that ever wagged a tongue, they would square the punishment more accurately with his deserts. But let us see — I think he is about to show us some of his legerdemain.”

In truth, the German was now got to a little copse-thicket at some distance from the ruins, where he affected busily to search for such a wand as should suit the purpose of his mystery; and after cutting, and examining, and rejecting several, he at length provided himself with a small twig of hazel terminating in a forked end, which he pronounced to possess the virtue proper for the experiment that he was about to exhibit. Holding the forked ends of the wand each between a finger and thumb, and thus keeping the rod upright, he proceeded to pace the ruined aisles and cloisters, followed by the rest of the company in admiring procession. „I believe dere was no waters here,” said the adept, when he had made the round of several of the buildings, without perceiving any of those indications which he pretended to expect



— „I believe those Scotch monksh did find de water too cold for de climate, and alwaysh drank de goot comfortable Rhine wine — but, aha! — see there.” — Accordingly, the assistants observed the rod to turn in his fingers, although he pretended to hold it very tight. — „Dere is water here about sure enough,” — and, turning this way and that way as the agitation of the divining rod seemed to increase or diminish, he at length advanced into the midst of a vacant and roofless inclosure, which had been the kitchen of the priory, when the rod twisted itself so as to point almost straight downwards. „Here is de place,” said the adept, „and if you do not find de water here, I will give you all leave to call me an impudent knave.”

„I shall take that licence,” whispered the Antiquary to Lovel, „whether the water is discovered or no.”

A servant, who had come up with a basket of cold refreshments, was now dispatched to a neighbouring forester's hut for a mattock and pick-axe. The loose stones and rubbish being removed from the spot indicated by the German, they soon came to the sides of a regularly built well; and, when a few feet of rubbish were cleared out by the assistance of the forester and his sons, the water began to rise rapidly, to the delight of the philosopher, the



astonishment of the ladies, Mr Blattergowl, and Sir Arthur, the surprise of Lovel, and the confusion of the incredulous Antiquary. He did not fail, however, to enter his protest in Lovel's ear against the miracle. „This is a mere trick,” he said; „the rascal had made himself sure the existence of this old well, by some means or other, before he played off this mystical piece of jugglery. Mark what he talks of next. I am much mistaken if this is not intended as a prelude to some more serious fraud; see how the rascal assumes consequence, and plumes himself upon the credit of his success, and how poor Sir Arthur takes in the tide of nonsense which he is delivering to him as principles of occult science!”

„You do see, my goot patron, you do see, my goot ladies, you do see, worthy Dr Bladderhowl, and even Mr Lofel and Mr Oldenbuck may see, if they do will to see, how art has no enemy at all but ignorance. Look at this little slip of hazel nuts — it is fit for nothing at all but to whip de little child” — („I would chuse a cat and nine tails for your occasions,” whispered Oldbuck apart,) — „and you put it in the hands of a philosopher — paf! it makes de grand discovery. But this is nothing, Sir Arthur — nothing at all, worthy Dr Botherhowl — nothing at all, ladies — nothing at



all, young Mr Lofel and good Mr Oldenbuck, to what art can do. Ah! if there was any man that had de spirit and de courage, I would show him better things than de well of water — I would show him" —

„And a little money would be necessary also, would it not?" said the Antiquary.

„Bah! one trifle, not worth talking about, might be necessaries," answered the adept.

„I thought as much," rejoined the Antiquary drily; „and I, in the meanwhile, without any divining rod, will shew you an excellent venison pasty, and a bottle of London particular Madeira, and I think that will match all that Mr Dousterswivel's art is like to exhibit."

The feast was spread *fronde super viridi*, as Oldbuck expressed himself, under a huge old tree, called the Prior's oak, and the company, sitting down around it, did ample honour to the contents of the basket.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

*As when a Gryphon through the wilderness,  
With winged course, o'er hill and moory dale,  
Pursues the Armaspian, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend —*

*Paradise Lost.*

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WHEN their collation was ended, Sir Arthur resumed the account of the mysteries of the divining rod, as a subject on which he had formerly conversed with Dousterswivel. «My friend Mr Oldbuck would now be prepared, Mr Dousterswivel, to listen with more respect to the stories you have told us of the late discoveries in Germany by the brethren of your association.»

«Ah, Sir Arthur, that was not a thing to speak to those gentlemen, because it is want of credulity — what you call faith — that spoils the great enterprize.»



“At least, however, let my daughter read the narrative she has taken down of the story of Martin Waldeck.”

“Ah, that was very true story — but Miss Wardour, she is so sly and so witty, that she has made it just like one romance — as well as Goethe or Wieland could have done it, by mine honest word.”

“To say the truth, Mr Dousterswivel,” answered Miss Wardour, “the romantic predominated in the legend so much above the probable, that it was impossible for a lover of fairy-land like me to avoid lending a few touches to make it perfect in its kind — But here it is, and if you do not incline to leave this shade till the heat of the day has somewhat declined, and will have sympathy with my bad composition, perhaps Sir Arthur or Mr Oldbuck will read it to us.”

“Not I,” said Sir Arthur; “I was never fond of reading aloud.”

“Nor I,” said Oldbuck, “for I have forgot my spectacles — but here is Lovel, with sharp eyes and a good voice; for Mr Blattergowl, I know, never reads any thing, lest he should be suspected of reading his sermons.”

The task was therefore imposed upon Lovel, who received, with some trepidation, as Miss Wardour delivered with a little embarrassment,



a paper containing the lines traced by that fair hand, the possession of which he coveted as the highest blessing the earth could offer to him. But there was a necessity of suppressing his emotions, and after glancing over the manuscript, as if to become acquainted with the character, he collected himself, and read the company the following tale.

*The Fortunes of Martin Waldeck.*

The solitudes of the Harz forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession, are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favourite one which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that



many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.

In elder times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their woe. But it was observed, that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burthen whereof was a warning against having an intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have often been quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called Morgenbrodt, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communi-



cation with fiends, witches, and fairies, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baalpeor, Ashtaroath, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence, added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases; but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.



Three young men, who had been present and assisting upon this occasion, were upon their return to the hut, where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On their way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed, by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterward precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so deep and fearful, that neither horse nor man was ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burnt for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate, because she availed herself of his



gift? — But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending upon the apparent benefits conferred by the Harzspirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the demon is a good demon — he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves — haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd — and he who loves the Harzforest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But, if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you



must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me."

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent, while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of an approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was con-



siderably alarmed, by observing, upon the opposite bank of the valley, a huge fire encompassed by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to awake the elder without also disturbing him — conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent perhaps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his



elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it, resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but, upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place



where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley, and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being coked, or charred, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences, George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Mar-



tin's first thought was to call up the slumberers, but observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to rekindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely-built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Mubllerhaussers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged



on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and, although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished, at the same time, the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and therefore, snatching his boarspear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognise, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life, but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now



about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural, the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth; — "And who are you?"

"The king of the waste and of the mine," answered the spectre; — "And why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered Martin hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn, "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complaisant demon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon — But take thy fire that thou camest



to seek, and begone — No mortal may long look upon us and live.”

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but,



when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not to return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants, in the Harz are practical mineralogists,) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now



upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the scorn of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions. And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil dispositions in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As Deep calls unto Deep, one bad passion awakened another; — the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered more harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by



one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends, the wretch, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent; and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers, and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed,



“We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry.” Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entrance into the lists. An hundred swords were unsheathed to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege, or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries, levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers, (for his retinue was fled and dispersed,) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sustained.



They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire my coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching



his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with the effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest, whom, precisely on that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned



by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.



## CHAPTER XIX.

*Here has been such a stormy encounter  
Betwixt my cousin Captain, and this soldier,  
About I know not what! — nothing, indeed;  
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives  
Of soldiership! —*

### *A Fair Quarrel.*

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THE attentive audience gave the fair transcriber of the foregoing legend the thanks which politeness required. Oldbuck alone curled up his nose, and observed, that Miss Wardour's skill was something like that of the alchemists, for she had contrived to extract a sound and valuable moral out of a very trumpery and ridiculous legend. "It is the fashion, as I am given to understand, to admire those extravagant fictions — for me,

— — — I bear an English heart,  
Unused at ghosts and rattling bones to start."



«Under your favour my goot Mr Oldenbuck,” said the German, «Miss Wardour has turned de story, as she does every thing as she touches, very pretty indeed; but all de history of de Harz goblin, and how he walks among de desolate mountains wid a great fir-tree for his walking-cane, and wid de great green bush around his head and his waist — that is as true as I am an honest man.”

«There is no disputing any proposition so well guaranteed,” answered the Antiquary drily. But at this moment the approach of a stranger cut short the conversation.”

The stranger was a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty, in a military undress, and bearing, in his look and manner, a good deal of the martial profession. He was at once greeted by the greater part of the company. «My dear Hector!” said Miss M’Intire, as she rose to take his hand —

«Hector, son of Priam, whence comest thou?” said the Antiquary.

«From Fife, my liege,” answered the young soldier, and continued, when he had politely saluted the rest of the company, and particularly Sir Arthur and his daughter — «I learned from one of the servants, as I rode towards Monkbarns to pay my respects to you, that I should find the present company in this place,



and I willingly embraced the opportunity to pay my respects to so many of my friends at once."

"And to a new one also, my trusty Trojan," said Oldbuck. "Mr Lovel, this is my nephew, Captain M'Intyre — Hector, I recommend Mr Lovel to your acquaintance."

The young soldier fixed his keen eye upon Lovel, and paid his compliment with more reserve than cordiality; and as our acquaintance thought his coldness almost supercilious, he was equally frigid and haughty in making the necessary return to it; and thus a prejudice seemed to arise between them at the very commencement of their acquaintance.

The observations which Lovel made during the remainder of this pleasure party did not tend to reconcile him with this addition to their society. Captain M'Intyre, with the gallantry to be expected from his age and profession, attached himself to the service of Miss Wardour, and offered her, upon every possible opportunity, those marks of attention which Lovel would have given the world to have rendered, and was only deterred from offering by the fear of her displeasure. With forlorn dejection at one moment, and with irritated susceptibility at another, he saw this handsome young soldier assume and exercise all the privileges



of a cavaliere servienté. He handed Miss Wardour's gloves, he assisted her in putting on her shawl, he attached himself to her in the walks, had a hand ready to remove every impediment in her path, and an arm to support her where it was rugged or difficult; his conversation was always addressed to her, and, where circumstances permitted it, was exclusively so. All this, Lovel well knew, might only be that sort of egotistical gallantry which induces some young men of the present day to give themselves the air of engrossing the attention of the prettiest woman in company, as if the others were unworthy of their notice. But he thought he observed in the conduct of Captain M'Intyre something of marked and peculiar tenderness, which was calculated to alarm the jealousy of a lover. Miss Wardour also received his attentions, and although his candour allowed they were of a kind which could not be repelled without some strain of affectation, yet it galled him to the heart to witness that she did so.

The heart-burning which these reflections occasioned proved very indifferent seasoning to the dry antiquarian discussions with which Oldbuck, who continued to demand his particular attention, was unremittingly persecuting him; and he underwent, with fits of impatience that



amounted almost to loathing, a course of lectures upon monastic architecture, in all its styles, from the massive Saxon to the florid Gothic, and from that to the mixed and composite architecture of James the First's time, when, according to Oldbuck, all orders were confounded, and columns of various descriptions arose side by side, or were piled above each other, as if symmetry had been forgotten, and the elemental principles of art resolved into their primitive confusion. "What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of evils," said Oldbuck, in rapturous enthusiasm, "which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of remedying them?" Lovel answered by an involuntary groan. "I see, my dear young friend, and most congenial spirit, that you feel these enormities as much as I do. Have you ever approached them without longing to tear, to deface, what is so dishonourable?"

"Dishonourable!" echoed Lovel, "In what respect dishonourable?"

"I mean disgraceful to the arts."

"Where? how?"

"Upon the portico, for example, of the schools of Oxford, where, at immense expence, the barbarous, fantastic, and ignorant architect has chosen to represent the whole five



orders of architecture on the front of one building..”

By such attacks as these, Oldbuck, unconscious of the torture he was giving, compelled Lovel to give him a share of his attention, — as a skilful angler, by means of his line, maintains an influence over the most frantic movements of his agonized prey.

They were now upon their return to the spot where they had left the carriages; and it is inconceivable how often, in the course of that short walk, Lovel, exhausted by the unceasing prosing of his worthy companion, mentally bestowed on the devil, or any one else that would have rid him of hearing more of them, all the orders and disorders of architecture which had been invented or combined from the building of Solomon's temple downwards. A slight incident occurred, however, which sprinkled a little patience on the heat of his distemperature.

Miss Wardour, and her self-elected knight-companion, rather preceded the others in the narrow path, when the young lady apparently became desirous to unite herself with the rest of the party, and, to break off her tête-à-tête with the young officer, fairly made a pause until Mr Oldbuck came up. “I wished to ask



you a question, Mr Oldbuck, concerning the date of these interesting ruins."

It would be doing injustice to Miss Wardour's *savoir faire*, to suppose she was not aware that such a question would lead to an answer of no limited length. The Antiquary, starting like a war-horse at the trumpet sound, plunged himself at once into the various arguments for and against the date of 1273, which had been assigned to the priory of St Ruth by a late publication on Scottish architectural antiquities. He hawked up the names of all the priors who had ruled the institution, of the nobles who had bestowed lands upon it, and of the monarchs who had slept their last sleep among its roofless courts. As a train which takes fire is sure to light another, if there be such in the vicinity, the Baronet, catching at the name of one of his ancestors which occurred in Oldbuck's disquisition, entered upon an account of his wars, his conquests, and his trophies; and worthy Dr Blattergowl was induced, from the mention of a grant of lands, *cum decimis inclusis tam vicariis quam garbabilibus, et nunquam antea separatis* to enter into a long explanation concerning the interpretation given by the teind court in the consideration of such a clause, which had occurred in a process for localling his last augmentation of



stipend. The orators, like three racers, each pressed forward to the goal, without much regarding how each crossed and jostled his competitors. Mr Oldbuck harrangued, the baronet declaimed, Mr Blattergowl prosed and laid down the law, while the Latin forms of feudal grants were mingled with the jargon of blazonry, and the yet more barbarous phraseology of the teind court of Scotland. "He was," exclaimed Oldbuck, speaking of the Prior Adhemar, "indeed an exemplary prelate; and, from his strictness of morals, rigid execution of penance, joined to the charitable disposition of his mind, and the infirmities endured by his great age and ascetic habits" —

Here he chanced to cough, and Sir Arthur burst in, or rather continued — "was called popularly Hell-in-Harness; he carried a shield, gules with a sable fess, which we have since disused, and was slain at the battle of Vernoil, in France, after killing six of the English with his own" —

"Decreet of certification," proceeded the clergyman, in that prolonged, steady, prosing tone, which, however overpowered at first by the vehemence of competition, promised, in the long run, to obtain the ascendancy in this strife of narrators; "Decreet of certification having gone out, and parties being held as



confessed, the proof seemed to be held as concluded, when their lawyer moved to have it opened up, on the allegation that they had witnesses to bring forward, that they had been in the habit of carrying the ewes to lamb on the teind-free land, which was a mere evasion, for" —

But here the baronet and Mr Oldbuck having recovered their wind, and continuing their respective harangues, the three *strands* of the conversation, to speak the language of a rope-work, were again twined together into one undistinguishable string of confusion.

Yet howsoever uninteresting this pyebald jargon might seem, it was obviously Miss Wardour's purpose to give it her attention, in preference to yielding Captain M'Intyre an opportunity of renewing their private conversation. So that after waiting for a little time with displeasure ill concealed by his haughty features, he left her to enjoy her bad taste, and, taking his sister by the arm, detained her a little behind the rest of the party.

"So I find, Mary, that your neighbourhood has neither become more lively nor less learned during my absence."

"We lacked your patience and wisdom to instruct us, Hector."

"Thank you, my dear sister. But you have  
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got a wiser, if not so lively an addition to your society, than your unworthy brother — pray, who is this Mr Lovel, whom our old uncle has at once so high in his good graces? — he does not use to be so accessible to strangers.”

“Mr Lovel, Hector, is a very gentleman-like young man.”

“Aye; that is to say, he bows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that is whole at the elbows.”

“No, brother; it says a great deal more. It says that his manners and discourse express the feelings and education of the higher class.”

“But I desire to know what is his birth and his rank in society? and what is his title to be in the circle in which I find him domesticated?”

“If you mean how he comes to visit at Monk-barns, you must ask my uncle, who will probably reply, that he invites to his own house such company as he pleases; and if you mean to ask Sir Arthur, you must know that Mr Lovel rendered Miss Wardour and him a service of the most important kind.”

“What! that romantic story is true then? — and pray, does the valorous knight aspire, as is befitting on such occasions, to the hand of the young lady whom he redeemed from peril?”



— It is quite in the rule of romance, I am aware; and I did think that she was uncommonly dry to me as we walked together, and seemed from time to time as if she watched whether she was not giving offence to her gallant cavalier."

"Dear Hector, if you really continue to nourish any affection for Miss Wardour" —

"If, Mary? what an *if* was there!"

"— I own I consider your perseverance as hopeless."

"And why hopeless, my sage sister?" asked Captain M'Intyre; "Miss Wardour, in the state of her father's affairs, cannot pretend to much fortune, and, as to family, I trust that of M'Intyre is not inferior."

"But, Hector," continued his sister, "Sir Arthur always considers us as members of the Monkbarns family."

"Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases; but any one with common sense will consider that the wife takes rank from the husband, and that my father's pedigree of fifteen unblemished descents must have ennobled my mother, if her veins had been filled with printers' ink."

"For God's sake, Hector, take care of yourself — a single expression of that kind, repeated to my uncle by an indiscreet or interested



eves-dropper, would lose you his favour for ever, and destroy all chance of your succeeding to his estate."

"Be it so; I have a profession which the world has never been able to do without, and will far less endure to wait for half a century to come; and my good old uncle may tack his good estate and his plebeian name to your apron-string if he pleases, Mary, and you may wed this new favourite of his if you please, and you may both of you live quiet, peaceable, well regulated lives, if it pleases Heaven. My part is taken — I'll fawn on no man for an inheritance which should be mine by birth."

Miss McIntyre laid her hand on her brother's arm, and entreated him to suppress his vehemence. "Who," she said, "injures, or seeks to injure you, but your own hasty temper? — what dangers are you defying, but those you have yourself conjured up? — Our uncle has hitherto been all that is kind and paternal in his conduct to us, and why should you suppose he will in future be otherwise than what he has ever been since we were left as orphans to his care?"

"He is an excellent old gentleman I must own," replied McIntyre, "and I am enraged at myself when I chance to offend him; but then



his eternal harangues upon topics not worth the spark of a flint — his investigations about ancient pots and pans and tobacco-stoppers past service — all these things put me out of patience — I have something of Hotspur in me, sister, I must confess."

"Too much, too much, my dear brother. Into how many risks, and, forgive me for saying, some of them little creditable, has this absolute and violent temper led you! Do not let such clouds darken the time you are now to pass in our neighbourhood, but let our old benefactor see his kinsman as he is, — generous, kind, and lively, without being rude, headstrong, and impetuous."

"Well," answered Captain M'Intyre, "I am schooled — good manners be my speed! I'll do the civil thing by your new friend — I'll have some talk with this Mr Lovel."

With this determination, in which he was for the time perfectly sincere, he joined the party who were walking before them. The treble disquisition was, by this time, ended; and Sir Arthur was speaking upon the subject of foreign news, and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which every man thinks himself qualified to give an opinion. An action of the preceding year having come upon the *tapis*, Lovel, accidentally



mingling in the conversation, made some assertion concerning it, of the accuracy of which Captain M'Intyre seemed not to be convinced, although his doubts were politely expressed.

"You must confess yourself in the wrong here, Hector," said his uncle, "although I know no man less willing to give up an argument; but you were in England at the time, and Mr Lovel was probably concerned in the affair."

"I am speaking to a military man, then," said M'Intyre; "may I enquire to what regiment Mr Lovel belongs?" — Mr Lovel gave him the number of the regiment. — "It happens strangely that we should never have met before, Mr Lovel. I know your regiment very well, and have served along with them at different times."

A blush crossed Lovel's countenance. "I have not lately been with my regiment," he replied, "I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir — —"

"Indeed! that is more wonderful than the other circumstance; for, although I did not serve with General Sir — —, yet I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in his family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel."

At this observation, Lovel again blushed so



deeply, as to attract the attention of the whole company, while a scornful laugh seemed to indicate Captain M'Intyre's triumph. "There is something strange in this," said Oldbuck to himself, "but I will not readily give up my phoenix of post-chaise companions — all his actions, language, and bearing, are those of a gentleman."

Lovel, in the meanwhile, had taken out his pocket-book, and selecting a letter, from which he took off the envelope, he handed it to M'Intyre. "You know the general's hand in all probability — I own I ought not to shew these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me." The letter contained a very handsome compliment from the officer in question for some military service lately performed. Captain M'Intyre, as he glanced his eye over it, could not deny that it was written in the general's hand, but drily observed as he returned it, that the address was wanting. "The address, Captain M'Intyre," answered Lovel in the same tone, "shall be at your service whenever you chuse to enquire after it."

"I certainly shall not fail to do so," rejoined the soldier.

"Come, come, exclaimed Oldbuck, "what is the meaning of all this? — Have we got Hiren here? — We'll have no swaggering,



youngsters. Are you come from the wars abroad, to stir up domestic strife in our peaceful land? Are you like bulldog puppies forsooth, that, when the bull, poor fellow, is removed from the ring, fall to brawl among themselves, worry each other, and bite honest folks' shins that are standing by?"

Sir Arthur trusted, he said, that the young gentlemen would not so far forget themselves as to grow warm upon such a trifling subject as the back of a letter.

Both the disputants disclaimed any such intention, and with high colour and flashing eyes, protested they were never so cool in their lives. But an obvious damp was cast over the party; they talked in future too much by the rule to be sociable, and Lovel, conceiving himself the object of cold and suspicious looks from the rest of the company, and sensible that his indirect replies had given them permission to entertain strange opinions respecting him, made a gallant determination to sacrifice the pleasure he had proposed in spending the day at Knockwinnock.

He affected, therefore, to complain of a violent headache, occasioned by the heat of the day, to which he had not been exposed since his illness, and made a formal apology to Sir Arthur, who, listening more to recent



suspicion than to the gratitude due for former services, did not press him to keep his engagement more than good breeding exactly demanded.

When Lovel took leave of the ladies, Miss Wardour's manner seemed more anxious than he had hitherto remarked it. She indicated by a glance of her eye towards Captain McIntyre, perceptible only by Lovel, the subject of her alarm, and hoped, in a voice greatly under her usual tone, it was not a less pleasant engagement which deprived them of the pleasure of Mr Lovel's company. "No engagement had intervened," he assured her, "it was only the return of a complaint by which he had been for some time occasionally attacked."

"The best remedy in such a case is prudence, and I — every friend of Mr Lovel's will expect him to employ it."

Lovel bowed low and coloured deeply, and Miss Wardour, as if she felt that she had said too much, turned and got into the carriage. Lovel had next to part with Oldbuck, who, during this interval, had, with Caxon's assistance, been arranging his disordered periwing, and brushing his coat, which exhibited some marks of the rude path they had traversed. "What, man!" said Oldbuck, "you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish



Hector's indiscreet curiosity and vehemence? — Why, he is a thoughtless boy — a petted child from the time he was in the nurse's arms — he threw his coral and bells at my head for refusing him a bit of sugar — And you have too much sense to mind such a shrewish boy — *æquam servare mentem* is the motto of our friend Horace. I'll school Hector by and by, and put it all to rights." But Lovel persisted in his design of returning to Fairport.

The Antiquary then assumed a graver tone. "Take heed, young man, to your present feelings. Your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes, and should be reserved to illustrate the literature of your country, when you are not called upon to expose it in her defence, or in the rescue of the innocent. Private war, a practice unknown to the civilized ancients, is, of all the absurdities introduced by the Gothic tribes, the most gross, impious, and cruel. Let me hear no more of these absurd quarrels, and I will shew you the treatise upon the duello, which I composed when the town-clerk and provost Muckle-whame chose to assume the privileges of gentlemen, and challenged each other. I thought of printing my Essay, which is signed *Pacifcator*; but there was no need, as the matter was taken up by the town-council of the borough."



“But I assure you, my dear sir, there is nothing between Captain M’Intyre and me that can render such respectable interference necessary.”

“See it be so, for otherwise I will stand second to both parties.”

So saying, the old gentleman got into the chaise, close to which Miss M’Intyre had detained her brother upon the same principle that the owner of a quarrelsome dog keeps him by his side to prevent his fastening upon another. But Hector contrived to give her precaution the slip, for, as he was on horseback, he lingered behind the carriages until they had fairly turned the corner in the road to Knockwinnock, and then wheeling his horse’s head round, gave him the spur in the opposite direction.

A very few minutes brought him up with Lovel, who, perhaps anticipating his intention, had not put his horse beyond a slow walk, when the clatter of hoofs behind him announced Captain M’Intyre. The young soldier, his natural heat of temper exasperated by the rapidity of motion, reined his horse up suddenly and violently by Lovel’s side, and, touching his hat slightly, enquired, in a very haughty tone of voice, “What am I to understand, sir, by your telling me that your address was at my service?”



“Simply, sir, that my name is Lovel, and that my residence is, for the present, Fairport, as you will see by this card.”

“And this is all the information you are disposed to give me?”

“I see no right you have to require more.”

“I find you, sir, in company with my sister, and I have a right to know who is admitted into Miss M’Intyre’s society.”

“I shall take the liberty of disputing that right — you find me in society who are satisfied with the degree of information on my affairs which I have thought proper to communicate, and you, a mere stranger, have no right to enquire further.”

“Mr Lovel, if you served, as you say you have” —

“If!” answered Lovel, — “*If* I have served as *I say* I have?”

“Yes, sir, such is my expression — if you have so served, you must know that you owe me satisfaction either in one way or other.”

“If that be your opinion, I will be proud to give it to you, Captain M’Intyre, in the way in which the word is generally used among gentlemen.”

“Very well, sir,” rejoined Hector, and, turning his horse round, galloped off to overtake his party.



His absence had already alarmed them, and his sister having stopped the carriage, had her neck stretched out of the window to see where he was.

"What is the matter with you now," said the Antiquary, "riding to and fro as your neck were upon the wager? — why do you not keep up with the carriage?"

"I forgot my glove, sir," said Hector.

"Forgot your glove! — I presume you meant to say you went to throw it down — but I will take order with you, my young gentleman — you shall return with me this night to Monk-barns." So saying, he bid the postillion go on.



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## CHAPTER XX.

*— If you fail Honour here,  
Never presume to serve her any more;  
Bid farewell to the integrity of armes,  
And the honourable name of soldier  
Fall from you, like a shivered wreath of laurel  
By thunder struck from a desertlesse forehead.*

*A Faire Quarrel.*

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EARLY the next morning, a gentleman came to wait upon Mr Lovel, who was up and ready to receive him. He was a military gentleman, a friend of Captain M'Intyre's, at present in Fairport on the recruiting service. Lovel and he were slightly known to each other. "I presume, sir," said Mr Lesley, (such was the name of the visitor,) "that you guess the occasion of my troubling you so early?"

"A message from Captain M'Intyre, I presume?"



“The same — he holds himself injured by the manner in which you declined yesterday to answer certain enquiries, which he conceived himself entitled to make respecting a gentleman whom he found in intimate society with his family.”

“May I ask, if you, Mr Lesley, would have inclined to satisfy interrogatories so haughtily and uncereemoniously put to you?”

“Perhaps not; and therefore, as I know the warmth of my friend M’Intyre on such occasions, I feel very desirous of acting as peace-maker. From Mr Lovel’s very gentleman-like manners, every one must strongly wish to see him repel all that sort of dubious calumny which will attach itself to one whose situation is not fully explained. If he will permit me, in friendly conciliation, to inform Captain M’Intyre of his real name, for we are led to conclude that of Lovel is assumed” —

“I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot admit that inference.”

“Or at least,” said Lesley, proceeding, “that it is not the name by which Mr Lovel has been at all times distinguished — if Mr Lovel will have the goodness to explain this circumstance, which, in my opinion, he should do in justice to his own character, I will answer for the amicable arrangement of this unpleasant business.”



“Which is to say, Mr Lesley, that if I shall condescend to answer questions which no man has a right to ask, and which are now put to me under penalty of Captain M’Intyre’s resentment, Captain M’Intyre will condescend to rest satisfied? Mr Lesley, I have just one word to say on this subject — I have no doubt my secret, if I had one, might be safely entrusted to your honour, but I do not feel called upon to satisfy the curiosity of any one. Captain M’Intyre met me in society which of itself was a warrant to all the world, and particularly ought to be such to him, that I was a gentleman. He has, in my opinion, no right to go any farther, or to enquire the pedigree, rank, or circumstances of a stranger, who, without seeking any intimate connection with him, or his, chances to dine with his uncle, or walk in company with his sister.”

“In that case, Captain M’Intyre requests you to be informed, that your farther visits at Monkbarns, and all connection with Miss M’Intyre, must be dropt, as disagreeable to him.”

“I shall certainly, said Lovel, “visit Mr Oldbuck when it suits me, without paying the least respect to his nephew’s threats or irritable feelings. I respect the young lady’s name too much (though nothing can be slighter than our ac-



quaintance) to introduce it into such a discussion."

"In that case, Captain M'Intyre requests that Mr Lovel, unless he wishes to be announced as a very dubious character, will favour him with a meeting this evening, at seven, at the thorn-tree in the little valley, close by the ruins of St Ruth."

"Most unquestionably, I will wait upon him. There is only one difficulty — I must find a friend to accompany me, and where to seek one on this short notice, as I have no acquaintances in Fairport — I will be on the spot, however, Captain M'Intyre may be assured of that."

Lesley had taken his hat, and was as far as the door of the apartment, when, as if moved by the peculiarity of Lovel's situation, he returned, and thus addressed him: "Mr Lovel, there is something so singular in all this, that I cannot help again resuming the argument. You must be yourself aware at this moment of the inconvenience of your preserving an incognito, for which, I am convinced, there can be no dishonourable reason. Still this mystery renders it difficult for you to procure the assistance of a friend in a crisis so delicate — nay, let me add, that many persons will even consider it as a piece of Quixotry in M'Intyre to



give you a meeting, while your character and circumstances are involved in such obscurity."

"I understand your inuendo, Mr Lesley," rejoined Lovel, "and though I might be offended at its severity, I am not so, because it is meant kindly. But, in my opinion, he is entitled to all the privileges of a gentleman, to whose charge, during the time he has been known in the society where he happens to move, nothing can be laid that is unhandsome or unbecoming. For a friend, I dare say I will find some one or other who will do me that good turn; and if his experience be less than I could wish, I am certain not to suffer through that circumstance when you are in the field for my antagonist."

"I trust you will not," said Lesley; "but as I must, for my own sake, be anxious to divide so heavy a responsibility with a capable assistant, allow me to say, that Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig is come into the road-stead, and he himself is now at old Caxon's, where he lodges. I think you have the same degree of acquaintance with him as with me, and, as I am sure I would willingly have rendered you such a service were I not engaged on the other side, I am convinced he will do so at your first request."



“At the thorn-tree, then, Mr Lesley, at seven this evening — the arms, I presume, are pistols?”

“Exactly; M Intyre has chosen the hour at which he can best escape from Monkbarns — he was at me this morning by five in order to return and present himself before his uncle was up. Good morning to you, Mr Lovel.” — And Lesley left the apartment.

Lovel was as brave as most men; but none can internally regard such a crisis as now approached, without deep feelings of awe and uncertainty. In a few hours he might be in another world to answer for an action, which his calmer thought told him was unjustifiable in a religious point of view, or he might be wandering about in the present like Cain, with the blood of his brother on his head. And all this might be saved by speaking a single word. Yet pride whispered, that, to speak that word now, would be ascribed to a motive which would degrade him more low than even the most injurious reasons that could be assigned for his silence. Every one, Miss Wardour included, must then, he thought, account him a mean dishonoured poltroon, who gave, to the fear of meeting Captain M'Intyre, the explanation he had refused to the calm and handsome expostulations of Mr Lesley. M'Intyre's insolent behaviour to himself personally, the air of pre-



tension which he assumed towards Miss Wardour, and the extreme injustice, arrogance, and incivility of his demands upon a perfect stranger, seemed to justify him in repelling his rude investigation. In short, he formed the resolution, which might have been expected from so young a man, to shut the eyes, namely, of his calmer reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride. With this purpose he sought Lieutenant Taffril.

The lieutenant received him with the good breeding of a gentleman, and the frankness of a sailor, and listened with no small surprise to the detail which preceded his request, that he might be favoured with his company at his meeting with Captain M'Intyre. When he had finished, Taffril rose up and walked through his apartment once or twice.

"This is a most singular circumstance," he said, "and really" —

"I am conscious, Mr Taffril, how little I am entitled to make my present request, but the urgency of circumstances hardly leaves me an alternative."

"Permit me to ask you one question," said the sailor; "is there any thing of which you are ashamed in the circumstances which you have declined to communicate?"

"Upon my honour, no; there is nothing but



what, in a very short time, I trust I may publish to the whole world."

"I hope the mystery arises from no false shame at the lowness of your friends perhaps, or connections?"

"No, on my word," replied Lovel.

"I have little sympathy for that folly," said Taffril; "indeed I cannot be supposed to have any; for, speaking of my relations, I may be said to have come myself from before the mast, and I believe I shall very soon form a connection, which the world will think low enough, with a very amiable girl to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbours, at a time I little thought of the good fortune which has brought me forward in the service."

"I assure you, Mr Taffril, whatever were the rank of my parents, I should never think of concealing it from a spirit of petty pride. But I am so situated at present, that I cannot enter on the subject of my family with any propriety."

"It is quite enough," said the honest sailor, "give me your hand; I'll see you as well through this business as I can, though it is but an unpleasant one after all — but what of that? our own honour has the next call on us after our country — you are a lad of spirit, and I own I think Hector M'Intyre, with his long pedigree and his airs of family, very much of a jacka-



napes. His father was a soldier of fortune as I am a sailor — he himself, I suppose, is little better, unless just as his uncle pleases — and whether one pursues fortune by land or sea, makes no great difference I should fancy."

"None in the universe, certainly," answered Lovel.

"Well," said his new ally, "we will dine together and arrange matters for this rencounter. I hope you understand the use of the weapon?"

"Not particularly," Lovel replied.

"I am sorry for that — M'Intyre is said to be a marksman."

"I am sorry for it also," said Lovel; "both for his sake and my own — I must then, in self-defence, take my aim as well as I can."

"Well," added Taffril, "I will have our surgeon's mate on the field — a good clever young fellow at caulking a shothole. I will let Lesley, who is an honest fellow for a landsman, know, that he attends for the benefit of either party. — Is there any thing I can do for you in case of an accident?"

"I have but little occasion to trouble you," said Lovel; "this small billet contains the key of my escritoir, and my very brief secret — there is one letter in the escritoir (digesting a temporary swelling of the heart as he spoke)



which I beg the favour of you to deliver with your own hand."

"I understand," said the sailor; "nay, my friend, never be ashamed for the matter — an affectionate heart may overflow for an instant at the eyes, if the ship were clearing for action — and, depend on it, whatever your injunctions are, Dan Taffril will regard them like the bequest of a dying brother. But this is all stuff — we must get our things in fighting-order, and you will dine with me and my little surgeon's mate at the Græmes'-arms, over the way, at four o'clock."

"Agreed," said Lovel.

"Agreed," said Taffril; and the whole affair was adjusted.

It was a beautiful summer evening, and the shadow of the solitary thorn-tree was lengthening upon the short green sward of the narrow valley, which was skirted by the woods that closed around the ruins of St Ruth.

Lovel and Lieutenant Taffril, with the surgeon, came upon the ground with a purpose of a nature very uncongenial to the soft, mild, and pacific character of the hour and scene. The sheep, which, during the ardent heat of the day, had sheltered in the breaches and hollows of the gravelly bank, or under the roots



of the aged and stunted trees, had now spread themselves upon the face of the hill to enjoy their evening's pasture, and bleated to each other with that melancholy sound, which at once gives life to a landscape and marks its solitude. Taffril and Lovel came on in deep conference, having, for fear of discovery, sent their horses back to the town by the Lieutenant's servant. The opposite party had not yet appeared on the field. But, when they came upon the ground, there sat upon the roots of the old thorn, a figure, as vigorous in his decay as the moss-grown but strong and contorted boughs which served him for a canopy. It was old Ochiltree. "This is embarrassing enough," said Lovel; "how shall we get rid of this old fellow?"

"Here, father Adam," cried Taffril, who knew the mendicant of yore; "here's half-a-crown for you — you must go to the Four Horse-shoes yonder — the little inn you know, and enquire for a servant with blue and yellow livery. If he is not come, you'll wait for him, and tell him we shall be with his master in about an hour's time. At any rate wait there till we come back, and get off with you — come, come, weigh anchor."

"I thank ye for your awmous," said Ochiltree, pocketing the piece of money, "but I beg



your pardon, Mr Taffril — I canna gang your errand e'en now."

"Why not, man? what can hinder you?"

"I wad speak a word wi' young Mr Lovel."

"With me?" answered Lovel; "what would you say with me? come, say on, and be brief."

The mendicant led him a few paces aside. "Are ye indebted ony thing to the Laird o' Monkbarns?"

"Indebted! — not I — what of that? — what makes you think so?"

"Ye maun ken I was at the shirra's the day; for, God help me, I gang about a' gates like the troubled spirit, and wha suld come whirling there in a post-chaise, but Monkbarns in an unco carfuffle — now it's no a little thing that will make his honour take a chaise and post-horse twa days rinnin'."

"Well, well; but what is all this to me?"

"Ou, ye'se hear, ye'se hear — Weel, Monkbarns is closeted wi' the shirra whatever puir folk may be left thereout — ye needna doubt that — the gentlemen are aye unco civil amang themsels."

"For Heaven's sake, my old friend" —

"Canna ye bid me gang to the deevil at ance, Mr Lovel? it wad be mair purpose-fa'ard than to speak o' Heaven in that impatient gate,"



“But I have private business with Lieutenant Taffril here.”

“Weel, weel, a’ in good time — I can use a little wee bit freedom wi’ Mr Daniel Taffril — mony’s the peery and the tap I worked for him langsyne, for I was a worker in wood as weel as a tinkler.”

“You are either mad, Adam, or have a mind to drive me mad.”

“Nane o’ the twa,” said Edie, suddenly changing his manner from the protracted drawl of the mendicant to a brief and decided tone; “the shirra sent for his clerk, and, as the lad is rather light o’ the tongue, I fand it was for drawing a warrant to apprehend you — I thought it had been on a *fugie* warrant for debt; for a’ body kens the laird likes naebody to pit his hand in his pouch — But now I may haud my tongue, for I see the M’Intyre lad and Mr Lesley coming up, and I guess that Monkbarns’s purpose was very kind, and that yours is muckle waur than it should be.”

The antagonists now approached, and saluted with the stern civility which befitted the occasion. “What has this old fellow to do here?” said M’Intyre.

“I am an auld fellow,” said Edie, “but I am also an auld soldier o’ your father’s, for I served wi’ him in the 42d.”



“Serve where you please, you have no title to intrude on us,” said M’Intyre, “or” — and he lifted his cane in *terrorem*, though without the idea of touching the old man. But Ochiltree’s courage was roused by the insult. “Haud down your switch, Captain M’Intyre! I am an auld soldier, as I said afore, and I’ll tak muckle frae your father’s son, but no a touch o’ the wand while my pike-staff will haud thegither.”

“Well, well, I was wrong — I was wrong,” said M’Intyre, “here’s a crown for you — go your ways — what’s the matter now?”

The old man drew himself up to the full advantage of his uncommon height, and, in despite of his dress, which indeed had more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and emphasis of voice and gesture, rather like a grey palmer, or eremite preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the young men who were round him, than the object of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his erect and dignified demeanour. “What are ye come here for, young men?” he said, addressing himself to the surprised audience; “are ye come amongst the most lovely works of God to break his laws? — Have ye left the works of man, the houses



and the cities that are but clay and dust, like those that built them; and are ye come here amang the peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last whiles aught earthly shall endure, to destroy each other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, by the course of nature, to make up a lang account at the close o't? O sirs! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that hae tended ye, and mothers that hae travailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this the way ye tak to make them childless and brotherless and friendless? — Ohon! it's an ill fight whar he that wins has the warst o't. Think on't, bairns — I'm a puir man — but I'm an auld man too, and what my poverty takes awa' frae the weight o' my counsel, grey hairs and a truthfu' heart should add it twenty times. — Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads — the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae fighting aneugh, and maybe auld Edie will hirple out himsel if he can get a feal-dike to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell you whilk o' ye does the best where there's a good cause afore ye."

There was something in the undaunted and independent manner, hardy sentiments, and manly rude elocution of the old man, that had its effect upon the party, and particularly upon



the seconds, whose pride was uninterested in bringing the dispute to a bloody arbitrement, and who, on the contrary, eagerly watched for an opportunity to recommend conciliation.

“Upon my word, Mr Lesley,” said Taffril, “old Adam speaks like an oracle — Our friends here were very angry yesterday, and of course very foolish — To-day they should be cool, or at least we must be so in their behalf — I think the word should be forget and forgive on both sides, that we should all shake hands, fire these foolish crackers in the air, and go home to sup in a body at the Græmes’-arms.”

“I would heartily recommend it,” said Lesley; “for, with a great deal of heat and irritation on both sides, I confess myself unable to discover any rational ground of quarrel.”

“Gentlemen,” said M’Intyre, very coldly, “all this should have been thought of before. In my opinion, persons that have carried this matter so far as we have done, and who should part without carrying it any farther, might go to supper at the Græmes’ arms very joyously, but would rise the next morning with reputations as ragged as our friend here, who has obliged us with a rather unnecessary display of his oratory. I speak for myself, that I find myself bound to call upon you to proceed without more delay.”



“And I,” said Lovel, “as I never desired any, have also to request these gentlemen to arrange preliminaries as fast as possible.”

“Bairns, bairns,” cried old Ochiltree; but, perceiving he was no longer attended to — “Madmen, I should say — but your blood be on your heads!” — And the old man drew off from the ground, which was now measured out by the seconds, and continued muttering and talking to himself in sullen indignation mixed with anxiety, and with a strong feeling of painful curiosity. Without paying further attention to his presence or remonstrances, Mr Lesley and the Lieutenant made the necessary arrangements for the duel, and it was agreed that both parties should fire when Mr Lesley dropped his handkerchief.

The fatal sign was given, and both fired almost in the same moment. Captain M'Intyre's ball grazed the side of his opponent, but did not draw blood. That of Lovel was more true to the aim; M'Intyre reeled and fell. Raising himself on his arm, his first exclamation was, “It is nothing — it is nothing — give us the other pistols.” But in an instant he said in a lower tone, “I believe I have enough, and what's worse, I fear I deserve it. Mr Lovel, or whatever your name is, fly and save yourself — Bear all witness I provoked this matter.” Then



raising himself again on his arm, he added, "Shake hands, Lovel — I believe you to be a gentleman — forgive my rudeness, and I forgive you my death — My poor sister!"

The surgeon came up to perform his part of the tragedy, and Lovel stood gazing on the evil of which he had been the active, though unwilling cause, with a dizzy and bewildered eye. He was roused from his trance by the grasp of the mendicant — "Why stand you gazing on your deed? — What's doomed is doomed — what's done is past recalling. But awa', awa', if ye wad save your young blood from a shamefu' death — I see the men out bye yonder that are come ower late to part ye — but out and alack! ower soon to drag ye to prison."

"He is right — he is right," exclaimed Taf-fril, "you must not attempt to get on the high-road — get into the wood till night. My brig will be under sail by that time, and at three in the morning, when the tide will serve, I shall have the boat waiting for you at the Mussel-Crag. Away — away, for heaven's sake!"

"O yes, fly, fly!" repeated the wounded man, his words faltering with convulsive sobs.

"Come with me," said the mendicant, almost dragging him off, "the captain's plan is the best — I'll carry ye to a place where ye might



be concealed in the mean time, were they to seek ye wi' sluthhounds."

"Go, go," again urged Lieutenant Taffril —  
"to stay here is mere madness."

"It was worse madness to come," said Lovel, pressing his hand — "But farewell!" and he followed Ochiltree into the recesses of the wood.



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## CHAPTER XXI.

— *The Lord Abbot had a soul  
 Subtil and quick and searching as the fire:  
 By magic stairs he went as deep as hell,  
 And if in devils' possession gold be kept,  
 He brought some sure from thence — 'tis hid  
                                                           in caves,  
 Known, save to me, to none —*

*The Wonder of a Kingdome.*

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LOVEL almost mechanically followed the beggar, who led the way with a hasty and steady pace through bush and bramble, avoiding the beaten path, and often turning to listen whether there were any sounds of pursuit behind them. They sometimes descended into the very bed of the torrent, sometimes kept a narrow and precarious path, that the sheep (which, with the sluttish negligence towards property



of that sort universal in Scotland, were allowed to stray in the copse) had made along the very verge of its overhanging banks. From time to time Lovel had a glance of the path which he had traversed the day before in company with Sir Arthur, the Antiquary, and the young ladies. Dejected, embarrassed, and occupied by a thousand inquietudes, as he then was, what would he now have given to regain the sense of innocence, which alone can counterbalance a thousand evils? "Yet then," such was his hasty and involuntary reflections, "even then, guiltless and valued by all around me, I thought myself unhappy. What am I now, with this young man's blood upon my hands? — The feeling of pride which urged me to the deed has now deserted me, as the actual fiend himself is said to do those whom he has tempted to guilt." Even his affection for Miss Wardour sunk for the time before the first pangs of remorse, and he thought he could have encountered every agony of slighted love to have had the conscious freedom from blood-guiltiness which he possessed in the morning.

These painful reflections were not interrupted by any conversation on the part of his guide, who threaded the thicket before him, now holding back the sprays to make his path easy, now exhorting him to make haste, now mut-



tering to himself, after the custom of solitary and neglected old age, words which might have escaped Lovel's ear even had he listened to them, or which, apprehended and retained, were too isolated to convey any connected meaning, — a habit which may be often observed among people of the old man's age and calling.

At length, as Lovel, exhausted by his late indisposition, the harrowing feelings by which he was agitated, and the exertion necessary to keep with his guide in a path so rugged, began to flag and fall behind, two or three very precarious steps placed him on the front of a precipice overhung with brushwood and copse. Here a cave, as narrow in its entrance as a fox-earth, was indicated by a small fissure in the rock, screened by the boughs of an aged oak, which, anchored by its thick and twisted roots in the upper part of the cleft, flung its branches almost straight outward from the cliff, concealed effectually from all observation. It might indeed have escaped the attention even of one who had stood at its very opening, so uninviting was the portal at which the beggar entered. But within, the cavern was higher and more roomy, cut into two separate branches, which, intersecting each other at right angles, formed an emblem of the cross,



and indicated the abode of an anchoret of former times. There are many caves of the same kind in different parts of Scotland. I need only instance those of Gorton, near Roslin, in a scene well known to the admirers of romantic nature.

The light within the cave was a dusky twilight at the entrance, which failed altogether in the inner recesses. "Few folks ken o' this place," said the old man; "to the best o' my knowledge, there's just twa living by mysel, and that's Jingling Jock and the Lang Linker. I have had mony a thought, that when I fand mysel auld and forfairn, and no able to enjoy God's blessed air ony langer, I wad trail mysel here wi' a pickle ait-meal — and see, there's a bit bonny drapping well that popples that self-same gate simmer and winter — and I wad e'en streek mysel out here, and abide my removal, like an auld dog that trails its useless ugsome carcass into some bush or bracken, no to gie living things a sconner wi' the sight o't when it's dead — Aye, and then, when the dogs barked at the lone farmstead, the gudewife wad cry, 'Whisht, stirra, that'll be auld Edie,' and the bits o' weans wad up, puir things, and toddle to the door, to pu' in the auld Blue-gown that minds a' their bonny-



dies — but there wad be nae mair word o' Edie, I trow."

He then led Lovel, who followed him unresistingly, into one of the interior branches of the cave. "Here," he said, "is a bit turnpike-stair that gaes up to the auld kirk above. Some folks say this place was howkit out by the monks lang syne to hide their treasure in, and some said that they used to bring things into the abbey this gate by night, that they durstna sae weel hae brought in by the main-port and by day — And some said that ane o' them turned a saint, (or aiblins wad hae had folk think sae,) and settled him down in this Saint Ruth's cell, as the auld folks aye ca'd it, and garr'd big the stair, that he might gang up to the kirk when they were at the divine service. The Laird o' Monkbarns wad hae a hantle to say about it, as he has about maist things, if he kent only about the place. But whether it was made for man's devices or God's service, I have seen ower muckle sin done in it in my day, and far ower muckle have I been partaker of, — aye, even here in this dark cove. Mony a gudewife's been wondering what for the red cock didna craw her up in the morning, when he's been roasting, puir fallow, in this dark hole — And, ohon! I wish that and the like o' that had been



the warst o't! Whiles they wad hae heard the din we were making in the very bowels o' the earth, when Sanders Aikwood, that was forester in thae days, the father o' Ringan that now is, was gaun daundering about the wood at e'en to see after the laird's game — and whiles he wad hae seen a glance o' the light frae the door o' the cave flaughtering against the hazels on the other bank — and then siccan stories as Sanders had about the worricows and gyre-carlins that haunted about the auld wa's at e'en, and the lights that he had seen, and the cries that he had heard, when there was nae mortal e'e open but his ain; and eh! as he wad thrum them ower and ower to the like o' me ayont the ingle at e'en, and as I wad gie the auld silly carle grane for grane, and tale for tale; thought I kend muckle better about it than ever he did. Aye, aye — they were daft days thae — but they were a' vanity and waur, and it's fitting that thae wha hae led a light and evil life, and abused charity when they were young, suld aiblins come to lack it when they were auld."

While Ochiltree was thus recounting the exploits and tricks of his earlier life, with a tone in which glee and compunction alternately predominated, his unfortunate auditor had sat down upon the hermit's seat, hewn out of the



solid rock, and abandoned himself to that lassitude, both of mind and body, which generally follows a course of events that have agitated both. The effect of his late indisposition, which had much weakened his system, contributed to this lethargic despondency. "The puir bairn," said auld Edie, "an he sleep in this damp hole, he'll maybe wauken nae mair, or catch some sair disease it's no the same to him as to the like o' us that can sleep ony gate an anes our wames are fu'. Sit up, Mr Lovel, lad — after a's come and gane, I dare say the captain lad will do weel aneugh — and, after a', ye are no the first that has had this misfortune; I hae seen mony a man killed, and helped to kill them mysel, though there was nae quarrel between us — and if it isna wrang to kill folk we have nae quarrel wi', just because they wear another sort of a cockade, and speak a foreign language, I canna see but a man may hae excuse for killing his ain mortal foe that comes armed to the fair field to kill him. I dinna say it's right — God forbid — or that it isna sinfu' to take away what ye canna restore, and that's the breath of man, whilk is in his nostrils — but I say it is a sin to be forgiven, if it is repented of. Sinfu' men are we a'; but if ye wad believe an auld grey sinner that has seen the evil o' his ways,

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there is as much promise atween the twa boards o' the Testament as wad save the warst o' us, could we but think sae."

With such scraps of comfort and of divinity as he had, the mendicant thus continued to solicit and compel the attention of Lovel, until the twilight began to fade into night. "Now," said Ochiltree, "I will carry ye to a mair convenient place, where I hae sat mony a time to hear the howlit crying out of the ivy tod, and to see the moonlight come through the auld windows o' the ruins. There can be naebody come here after this time o' night; and if they hae made ony search, thae blackguard shirrass-officers and constables it will hae been ower lang syne. Odd, they are as great cowards as ither folk, wi' a' their warrants and king's keys — I hae g'en some o' them a gliff in my day, when they were coming rather ower near me — But lauded be grace for it, they canna stir me now for ony waur than an auld man and a beggar, and my badge is a gude protection; ann then Miss Isabella Wardour is a tower o' strength, ye ken — (Lovel sighed) — Aweel, dinna be cast down — bowls may a' row right yet — gie the lassie time to ken her mind — she's the wale o' the country for beauty, and a gude friend o' mine — I gang by the bridewell as safe as by the kirk on a



Sabbath — de'il ony o' them daur hurt a hair o' auld Edie's head now — I keep the crown o' the causey when I gae to the borough, and rub shouthers wi' a baillie wi' a little concern as an he were a brock."

While the mendicant spoke thus, he was busied in removing a few loose stones in one angle of the cave which obscured the entrance of the staircase of which he had spoken, and led the way into it, followed by Lovel in passive silence.

"The air's free eneugh," said the old man; "the monks took care o' that, for they werena a lang-breathed generation, I reckon — they hae contrived queer tirliewirlie holes, that gang out to the open air, and keep the stair as cal-ler as a kailblade."

Lovel accordingly found the staircase well aired, and, though narrow, it was neither ruinous nor long, but speedily admitted them into a narrow gallery contrived to run within the side-wall of the chancel from which it received air and light, through apertures ingeniously hidden amid the florid ornaments of the Gothic architecture.

"This secret passage anes gaed round great part o' the bigging," said the beggar, "and through the wa' o' the place I've heard Monk-barns ca' the Refractory, (meaning probably



*Refectory*,) and so awa' to the Prior's ain house. — It's like he could use it to listen what the monks were saying at meal-time, and then he might come ben here and see that they were busy skreighing away wi' the psalms doun below there — and then, when he saw a' was right and tight, he might step awa' and fetch in a bonny lass at the cove yonder, for they were queer hands the monks, unless mony lees is made on them. But our folk were at great pains lang syne to big up the passage in some parts, and pu' it down in others, for fear o' some uncanny body getting into it, and finding their way doun to the cove — it wad hae been a fashious job that — by my certie, some o' our necks wad hae been ewking."

They now came to a place where the gallery was enlarged into a small circle, sufficient to contain a stone seat. A niche, constructed exactly before it, projected forward into the chancel, and as its sides were latticed, as it were, with perforated stone-work, it commanded a full view of the chancel in every direction, and was probably constructed, as Edie intimated, to be a convenient watchtower from which the superior priest, himself unseen, might watch the behaviour of his monks, and ascertain, by personal inspection, their punctual attendance upon those rites of devotion



which his rank exempted him from sharing with them. As this niche made one of a regular series which stretched along the wall of the chancel, and in no respect differed from the rest when seen from below, the secret station, screened as it was by the stone figure of St Michael and the dragon and the open tracery around the niche, was completely hid from observation. The private passage, confined to its pristine breadth, had originally continued beyond this seat; but the jealous precautions of the vagabonds who frequented the cave of St Ruth had caused them to build it carefully up with hewn stones from the ruin.

“We will be better here” — said Edie, seating himself on the stone bench, and stretching the lappet of his blue gown upon the spot, when he motioned Lovel to sit down beside him — “We will be better here than down below — the air’s free and mild, and the savour of the wallflowers, and siccan shrubs as grow on thae ruined wa’s, is far mair refreshing than the damp smell down below yonder. They smell sweetest by night-time thae flowers, and they’re maist aye seen about ruined buildings — now, Mr Lovel, can ony o’ your scholars gie a gude reason for that?”

Lovel replied in the negative.



“I am thinking,” resumed the beggar, “that they’ll be like mony folks’ gude gifts, that often seem maist gracious in adversity — or maybe it’s a parable, to teach us no to slight them that are in the darkness of sin and the decay of tribulation, since God sends odours to refresh the mirkest hour, and flowers and pleasant bushes to clothe the ruined buildings. And now I wad like a wise man to tell me whether Heaven is maist pleased wi’ the sight we are looking upon — thae pleasant and quiet lang streaks o’ moonlight that are lying sae still on the floor o’ this auld kirk, and glancing through the great pillars and stauncheons o’ the carved windows, and just dancing like on the leaves o’ the dark ivy as the breath o’ wind shakes it — I wonder whether this is mair pleasing to Heaven than when it was lighted up wi’ lamps, and candles nae doubt, and roughies, and wi’ the mirth, and the frankincent that they speak of in the Holy Scripture, and wi’ organs assuredly, and men and women singers, and sackbuts, and dulcimers, and a’ instruments o’ music — I wonder if that was acceptable, or whether it is to these grand parafle o’ ceremonies that holy writ says ‘is an abomination to me’ — I am thinking, Mr Lovel, if twa puir contrite spirits like yours and mine fand grace to make our petition” —



Here Lovel laid his hand eagerly on the mendicant's arm, saying, "Hush! I heard some one speak."

"I am dull o' hearing," answered Edie in a whisper, "but we're surely safe here — where was the sound?"

Lovel pointed to the door of the chancel, which, highly ornamented, occupied the west end of the building, surmounted by the carved window, which let in a flood of moonlight over it.

"They can be nane o' our folk," said Edie, in the same low and cautious tone; "there's but twa o' them kens o' the place, and they're mony a mile off, if they are still bound on their weary pilgrimage. I'll never think it's the officers here at this time o' night. I am nae believer in auld wives' stories about ghaists, though this is gay like a place for them — But mortal, or of the other warld, here they come — twa men and a light."

And in very truth, while the mendicant spoke, two human figures darkened with their shadows the entrance of the chancel which had before opened to the moonlight meadow beyond, and the small lantern which one of them displayed, glimmered pale in the clear and strong beams of the moon, as the evening star does among the lights of the departing day. The



first and most obvious idea was, that, despite the asseverations of Edie Ochiltree, the persons who approached the ruins at an hour so uncommon must be the officers of justice in quest of Lovel. But no part of their conduct confirmed this suspicion. A touch and a whisper from the old man warned Lovel that his best course was to remain quiet, and watch their motions from their present place of concealment. Should any thing appear to render retreat necessary, they had behind them the private staircase and cavern, by means of which they could escape into the wood long before any danger of close pursuit. They kept themselves, therefore, as still as possible, and observed, with eager and anxious curiosity, every accent and motion of these nocturnal wanderers.

After conversing together some time in whispers, the two figures advanced into the middle of the chancel, and a voice which Lovel at once recognized, from its tone and dialect, to be that of Dousterswivel, pronounced in a louder but still a smothered tone, „Indeed, mine goot sir, dere cannot be one finer hour nor season for dis great purpose. You shall see, mine goot sir, dat it is all one bibble-babble dat Mr Oldbuck says, and dat he knows no more of what he speaks than one little shild. Mine soul! he expects to get as rich as one



Jew for his poor dirty one hundred pounds, which I care no more about, by mine honest wort, than I care for an hundred stivers. But to you, my most munificent and reverend patron, I will shew all de secrets dat art can shew — aye, de secret of de great Pymander."

"That other ane," whispered Edie, "maun be, according to a' likelihood, Sir Arthur Wardour. I ken naebody but himsel wad come here at this time at e'en wi that German black-guard — Ane wad think he's betwitched him — he gars him e'en trow that chalk is cheese — let's see what they can be doing"

This interruption, and the low tone in which Sir Arthur spoke, made Lovel lose all Sir Arthur's answer to the adept, excepting the three last emphathic words, "Very great expence," — to which Dousterswivel at once replied, — "Expences — to be sure — dere must be de great expences — you do not expect to reap before you do sow the seed — de expences is de seed — de riches and de mine of goot metal, and now de great big chests of plate, they are de crop — vary goot crop too, on mine wort. Now, Sir Arthur, you have sowed this night one little seed of ten guineas like one pinch of snuff, or so big — and if you do not reap de great harvest — dat is de great harvest for de little pinch of seed, for it must



be proportions you must know — then never call one honest man, Herman Dousterswivel. Now you see, mine patron — for I will not conceal mine secret from you at all — you see dis little plate of silver — you know de moon measureth de whole zodiack in de space of twenty-eight day — every child knows dat — well, I take a silver plate when she is in her fifteenth mansion, which mansion is in de head of *Libra*, and I engrave upon one side de worts, *Shedharschemoth Schartachan* — dat is, de Intelligence of de Intelligence of de moon — and I make his picture like a flying serpent with a turkey-cock's head — vary well — Then upon this side I make de table of de moon, which is a square of nine, multiplied into itself, with eighty-one numbers on every side, and diameter nine — dere it is done very proper — Now I will make dis avail me at de change of every quarter-moon dat I shall find by de same proportions of expences I lay out in de suffumigations, as nine, to de product of nine multiplied into itself — I shall find no more to-night, as may be two or three times nine, because dere is a thwarting power in de house of ascendancy."

"But, Dousterswivel," said the simple Baronet, "does not this look like magic? — I



am a true though unworthy son of the episcopal church, and I will have nothing to do with the foul fiend."

"Bah! bah! — not a bit magic in it at all — not a bit — It is all founded on de planetary influence and de sympathy and force of numbers — I will shew you much finer dandis — I do not say dere is not de spirit in it, because of de suffumigation; but, if you are not afraid, he shall not be invisible."

"I have no curiosity to see him at all," said the Baronet, whose courage seemed, from a certain quaver in his accent, to have taken a fit of the ague.

"Dat is great pity," said Dousterswivel; "I should have liked to shew you de spirit dat guard this treasure like one fierce watch-dog — but I know how to manage him — you would not care to see him?"

"Not at all," answered the Baronet, in a tone of feigned indifference; "I think we have but little time."

"You shall pardon me, my patron, it is not yet twelve, and twelve precise is just our planetary hours; and I could shew you de spirit vary well, in de meanwhile, just for pleasure. You see I would draw a pentagon within a circle, which is no trouble at all, and make my suffumigation within it, and dere we would



be like in one strong castle, and you would hold de sword while I did say de needful worts — Den you should see de solid wall open like de gate of ane city, and den — let me see — aye — you should see first one stag pursued by three black greyhounds, and they should pull him down as they do at de elector's great hunting-match — and then one ugly, little, nasty black negro should appear and take de stag from them — and paf — all should be gone! — Then you should hear horns winded dat all de ruins should ring — mine wort, they should play fine hunting piece as goot as him you call'd Fischer with his oboi — vary well — then comes one herald, as we call Erenhold, winding his horn — and then come de great Peolphon, called the Mighty Hunter of the North, mounted on hims black steed — but you would not care to see all this?"

"Why, I am not afraid — if — if — that is — do any thing — great mischiefs happen on such occasions."

"Bah — mischiefs? no! sometimes if de circle be no quite just, or de beholder be de frightened coward, and not hold de sword firm and strait towards him, de great hunter will take his advantage and drag him exorcist out of de circle and throttle him. Dat does happens."



“Well then, Dousterswivel, with every confidence in my courage and your skill, we will dispense with this apparition, and go on to the business of the night.”

“With all mine heart — it is just one thing to me — and now it is de time — hold you de sword till I kindle de little what you call chip.”

Dousterswivel accordingly set fire to a little pile of chips, touched and prepared with some bituminous substance to make them burn fiercely, and when the flame was at the highest, and lightened, with its short-lived glare, all the ruins around, the German flung in a handful of perfumes which produced a strong and pungent odour. The exorcist and his pupil both were so much affected as to cough and sneeze heartily; and, as the vapour floated around the pillars of the building, and penetrated every crevice, it produced the same effect on the beggar and Lovel.

“Was that an echo?” said the Baronet, astonished at the sternutation which resounded from above; “or” — drawing close to the adept — “can it be the spirit you talked of ridiculing our attempt upon his hidden treasures?”

“N — n — no,” muttered the German, who began to partake of his pupil's terrors, “I hope not.”



Here a violent explosion of sneezing, which the mendicant was unable to suppress, and which could not be considered by any means as the dying fall of an echo, accompanied by a grunting half-smothered cough, confounded the two treasure-seekers. "Lord have mercy upon us!" said the Baronet.

"*Alle guten geistern loben den Herrn!*" ejaculated the terrified adept. "I was begun to think," he continued, after a moment's silence, "that this would be de bestermest done in de day-light — we was bestermest to go away just now."

"You juggling villain," said the Baronet, in whom these expressions awakened a suspicion that overcame his terrors, connected as it was with the sense of desperation, arising from the apprehension of impending ruin; "you juggling mountebank, this is some legerdemain trick of yours to get off from the performance of your promise, as you have so often done before. But, before Heaven, I will this night know what I have trusted to when I suffered you to fool me on to my ruin! — Go on then — come fairy, come fiend, you shall shew me that treasure, or confess yourself a knave and an impostor, or, by the faith of a desperate and ruined man, I'll send you where you shall see spirits enough."



The treasure-finder, trembling between his terror for the supernatural beings by whom he supposed himself to be surrounded, and for his life, which seemed to be at the mercy of a desperate man, could only bring out, "Mine patron, this is not the allerbestmost usage. Consider, mine honoured sir, dat de spirits" —

Here Edie, who began to enter into the humour of the scene, uttered an extraordinary howl, being an exaltation and a prolongation of the most deplorable whine in which he was accustomed to solicit charity — Dousterswivel flung himself on his knees, "Dear Sir Arthurs, let us go, or let me go!"

"No, you cheating scoundrel," said the knight, unsheathing the sword which he had brought for the purposes of the exorcism, "that shift shall not serve you — Monkbarns warned me long since of your juggling pranks — I will see this treasure before you leave this place, or I will have you confess yourself an impostor, or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you though all the spirits of the dead should rise around us!"

"For de lose of Heaven be patient, mine honoured patron, and you shall hafe all de treasure as I knows of — yes — you shall indeed — but do not speak about de spirits — it makes dem angry."



Edie Ochiltree here prepared himself to throw in another groan, but was restrained by Lovel, who began to take a more serious interest, as he observed the earnest and almost desperate demeanour of Sir Arthur. Dousterswivel having at once before his eyes the fear of the foul fiend and the violence of Sir Arthur, played his part of a conjuror extremely ill, hesitating to assume the degree of confidence necessary to deceive the latter, lest it should give offence to the invisible cause of his alarm. However, after rolling his eyes, muttering and sputtering German exorcisms, with contortions of his face and person, rather flowing from the impulse of terror than of meditated fraud, he at length proceeded to a corner of the building where a flat stone lay upon the ground, bearing upon its surface the effigy of an armed warrior in a recumbent posture, carved in bas-relief. He muttered to Sir Arthur, "Mine patrons — it is here — Got safe us all!"

Sir Arthur, who, after the first moment of his superstitious fear was over, seemed to have bent up all his faculties to the pitch of resolution necessary to carry on the adventure, lent the adept his assistance to turn over the stone, which, by means of a lever that the adept had provided, their joint force with difficulty effected. No supernatural light burst forth from



below to indicate the subterranean treasury, nor was there any apparition of spirits, earthly or infernal. But when Dousterswivel had, with great trepidation, struck a few strokes with a mattock, and as hastily thrown out a shovelful or two of earth, (for they came provided with the tools necessary for digging,) something was heard to ring like the sound of a falling piece of metal, and Dousterswivel, hastily catching up the substance which produced it, and which his shovel had thrown out along with the earth, exclaimed, "O mine dear wort, mine patrons, dis is all — it is indeed — I mean all we can do to-night," — and he gazed round him with a cowering and fearful glance, as if to see from what corner the avenger of his imposture was to start forth.

"Let me see it," said Sir Arthur; and then repeated still more sternly, "I will be satisfied — I will judge by mine own eyes." He accordingly held the object to the light of the lantern. It was a small case, or casket, — for Lovel could not at the distance exactly discern its shape, which, from the Baronet's exclamation as he opened it, he concluded was filled with coin. "Aye," said the Baronet, "this is being indeed in good luck, and if it omens proportional success upon a larger venture, the venture shall be made. That six



hundred of Goldieword's, added to the other incumbent claims, must have been ruin indeed — If you think we can parry it by repeating this experiment — suppose when the moon next changes, — I will hazard the necessary advance, come by it how I may."

"O mine goot patrons, do not speak about all dat," said Dousterswivel, "as just now, but help me to put de shtone to de rights, and let us begone our own ways." And accordingly, so soon as the stone was replaced, he hurried Sir Arthur, who was now resigned once more to his guidance, away from a spot where the German's guilty conscience and superstitious fears represented goblins as lurking behind each pillar with the purpose of punishing his treachery.

"Saw ony body e'er the like o' that!" said Edie, when they had disappeared like shadows through the gate by which they had entered — "Saw ony creature living e'er the like o' that! — But what can we do for that puir doited deevil of a knight-baronet? — Odd, he shewed muckle mair spunk, too, than I thought had been in him — I thought he wad hae sent cauld iron through the vagabond. Sir Arthur wasna half sae bauld at Bessie's-apron yon night — but then his blood wasna up, and that makes an ulco difference. I hae seen mony a man wad



hae felled another an' anger him, that wadna muckle hae liked a clink against Crummie's horn yon time. But what's to be done?"

"I suppose," said Lovel, "his faith in this fellow is entirely restored by this deception, which, unquestionably, he had arranged before-hand."

"What! the siller? — Aye, aye — trust him for that — they that hide ken best where to find — he wants to wile him out o' his last guinea, and then escape to his ain country, the land-louper. I wad liked weel just to hae come in at the clipping-time, and gi'en him a lounder wi' my pike-staff; he wad hae ta'en it for a bennison frae some o' the auld dead abbots — But it's best no to be rash — sticking disna gang by strength, but by the guiding o' the gully — I'se be upsides wi' him ae day."

"What if you should inform Mr Oldbuck?" said Lovel.

"Ou, I dinna ken — Monkbarns and Sir Arthur are like, and yet they're no like neither — Monkbarns has whiles influence wi' him, and whiles Sir Arthur cares as little about him as about the like o' me. Monkbarns is no that ower wise himsel in some things — he wad believe a bodle to be an auld Roman coin, as he ca's it, or a ditch to be a camp, upon ony leasing that idle folk made about it. I hae garr'd him true mony a queer tale mysel,



gude forgie me. But wi' a' that, he has unco little sympathy wi' ither folks; and he's snell and dure aneugh in casting up their nonsense to them, as if he had nane o' his ain. He'll listen the hale day, an ye tell him about tales o' Wallace, and Blind Harry, and Davie Lindsay, but ye maunna speak to him about ghaists or fairies, or spirits walking the earth, or the like o' that — he had near flung auld Caxon out o' the window amaist, (and he might just as well hae flung awa' his best wig after him) for threeping he had seen a ghaist at the Humlock-knowe. Now, if he was taking it up in this way, he wad set up the tother's birse, and maybe do mair ill nor good — he's done that twice or thrice about thae mine-warks — ye wad thought Sir Arthur had a pleasure in gaun on wi' them the deeper, the mair he was warn'd against it by Monkbarns."

"What say you then," said Lovel, "to letting Miss Wardour know the circumstance?"

"Ou, puir thing, how could she stop her father doing his pleasure? — and, besides, what wad it help? — There's a sough in the country about that six hundred pounds, and there's a writer chield in Edinburgh has been driving the sparrowels o' the law into Sir Arthur's sides up to the head to gar him pay it, and if he canna, he maun gang to jail or flee the country. He's



like a desperate man, and just catches at this chance as a' he has left, to escape utter perdition; so what signifies plaguing the puir lassie about what canna be helped? — And besides, to say the truth, I wadna like to tell the secret o' this place. It's unco convenient, ye see yoursel, to hae a hiding-hole o' ane's ain, and though I be out o' the line o' needing ane e'en now, and trust in the power o' grace that I'll ne'er do ony thing to need ane again, yet nae-body kens what temptation ane may be gi'en ower to — and, to be brief, I downa bide the thought of ony body kenning about the place — they say, keep a thing seven years, and ye'll aye find a use for't — and maybe I may need the cove, either for mysel, or for some ither body."

This argument, in which Edie Ochiltree, notwithstanding his scraps of morality and of divinity, seemed to take, perhaps from old habit, a personal interest, could not be handsomely controverted by Lovel, who was at that moment reaping the benefit of the secret of which the old man appeared to be so jealous.

This incident, however, was of great service to Lovel, as diverting his mind from the unhappy occurrence of the evening, and considerably rousing the energies which had been stupified by the first view of his calamity. He



reflected, that it by no means necessarily followed that a dangerous wound must be a fatal one — that he had been hurried from the spot even before the surgeon had expressed any opinion of Captain M'Intyre's situation — and that he had duties on earth to perform, even should the very worst be true, which, if they could not restore his peace of mind or sense of innocence, would furnish a motive for enduring existence, and at the same time render it a course of active benevolence.

Such were Lovel's feelings when the hour arrived, when, according to Edie's calculation, who, by some train or process of his own in observing the heavenly bodies, stood independent of the assistance of a watch or timekeeper, it was fitting they should leave their hiding place, and betake themselves to the sea-shore, in order to meet Lieutenant Taffril's boat according to appointment.

They retreated by the same passage which had admitted them to the prior's secret seat of observation, and when they issued from the grotto into the wood, the birds, which began to chirp, and even to sing, announced that the dawn was advanced. This was confirmed by the light and amber clouds that appeared over the sea so soon as their exit from the copse permitted them to view the horizon. Morning,



said to be friendly to the muses, has probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who, like Lovel, have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. It was therefore with renewed health and vigour that Lovel, guided by the trusty mendicant, brushed away the dew as he traversed the downs which divided the Den of St Ruth, as the woods surrounding the ruins were popularly called, from the sea-shore.

The first level beam of the sun, as his brilliant disk began to emerge from the ocean, shot full upon the little gun-brig which was laying-to in the offing. Close to the shore the boat was already waiting, Tassril himself, with his naval cloak wrapped about him, seated in the stern. He jumped ashore when he saw the mendicant and Lovel approach, and, shaking the latter heartily by the hand, begged him not to be cast down. "M'Intyre's wound," he said, "was doubtful, but far from desperate." His attention had got Lovel's baggage privately sent on board the brig; and," he said, he trusted that, if Lovel chose to stay with the vessel, the penalty of a short cruize would be the only disagreeable consequence of his rencontre. As for himself, his time and motions were a good



deal at his own disposal," he said, "excepting the necessary obligation of remaining on his station."

"We will talk of our further motions," said Lovel, as we go on board."

Then turning to Edie, he endeavoured to put money into his hand. "I think," said Edie, as he tendered it back again, "the hale folk here have either gane daft, or they hae made a vow to ruin my trade, as they say ower muckle water drowns the miller. I hae had mair gowd offered me within this twa or three weeks than I ever saw in my life afore. Keep the siller, lad, ye'll hae need o't I'se warrant ye, and I hae nane — my claes is nae great things, and I get a blue-gown every year, and as mony siller-groats as the king, God bless him, is years auld — you and I serve the same master, ye ken, Captain Taffril — there's rigging provided for — and my meat and drink I get for the asking in my rounds, or, at an orra time, I can gang a day without it, for I make it a rule never to pay for nane — So that a' the siller I need is just to buy tobacco and sneeshin, and maybe a dram at a time in a cauld day, though I am nae dram-drinker to be a gaberlunzie — Sae take back your notes, and just gie me a lily-white shilling."

Upon these whims, which he imagined inti-



imately connected with the honour of his vagabond profession, Edie was flint and adamant, not to be moved by rhetoric or entreaty, and therefore Lovel was under the necessity of again pocketing his intended bounty, and taking a friendly leave of the mendicant by shaking him by the hand, and assuring him of his cordial gratitude for the very important services which he had rendered him, recommending, at the same time, secrecy as to what they had that night witnessed. — “Ye needna doubt that,” said Ochiltree, “I never tell’d tales out o’ yon cove in my life, though mony a queer thing I hae seen in’t.”

The boat now put off. The old man remained looking after it as it made rapidly towards the brig under the impulse of six stout rowers, and Lovel beheld him again wave his blue-bonnet as a token of farewell ere he turned from his fixed posture, and began to move slowly along the sands as if resuming his customary perambulations.

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